

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A FULL-SIZE 52 page MAG!

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LEV GLEASON PUBL. CO.

In this issue: "THE DEAD" "MATERIAL WITNESS" "FRUITS OF CRIME" "THE RABBIT-PUNCH MURDER CASE" "DON'T TALK"



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

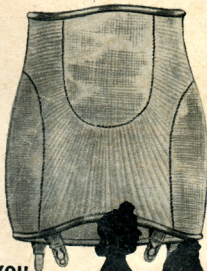
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INSTANTLY!



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CUT OUT AND SAVE!

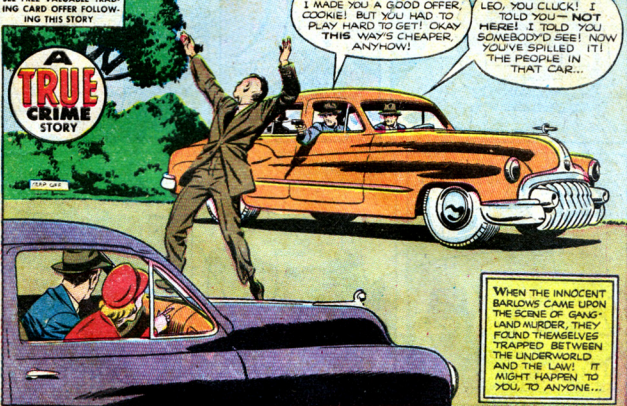


SEE FREE VALUABLE TRADING CARD OFFER FOLLOWING THIS STORY

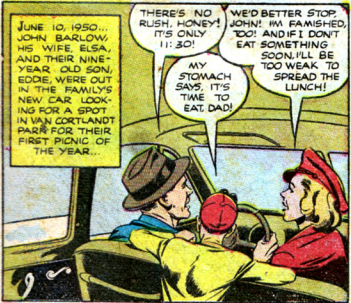
LEO GROPPER WAS CAPABLE OF LONG CHANCES AND DESPERATE MEASURES WHEN HE LEARNED THAT THE MURDER HE HAD COMMITTED WAS SEEN BY A

MATERIAL WITNESS

A TRUE CRIME STORY



WHEN THE INNOCENT BARLOWS CAME UPON THE SCENE OF GANG- LAND MURDER, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES TRAPPED BETWEEN THE UNDERWORLD AND THE LAW! IT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU, TO ANYONE...

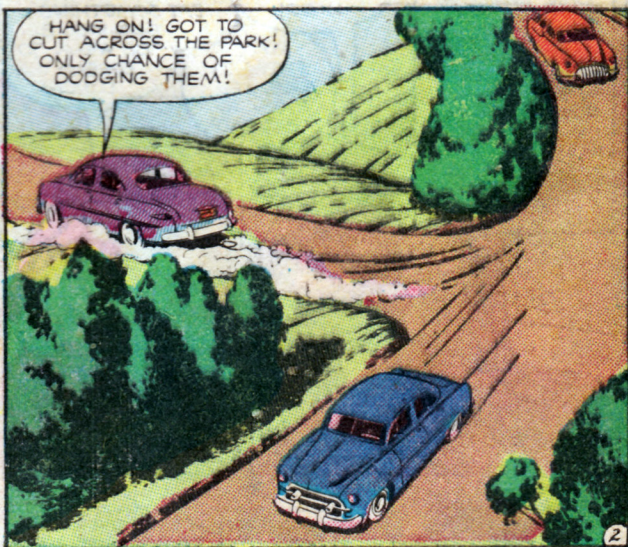
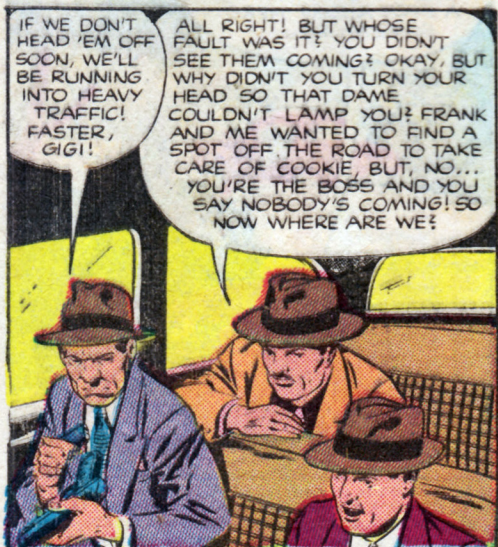
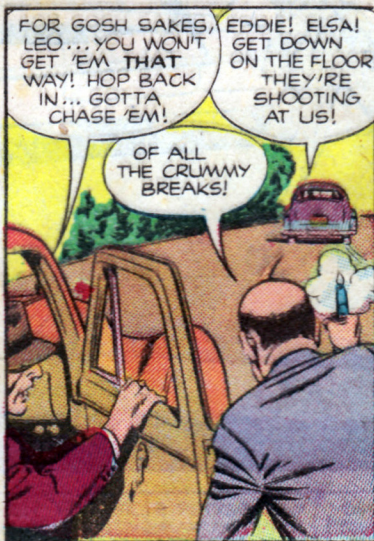
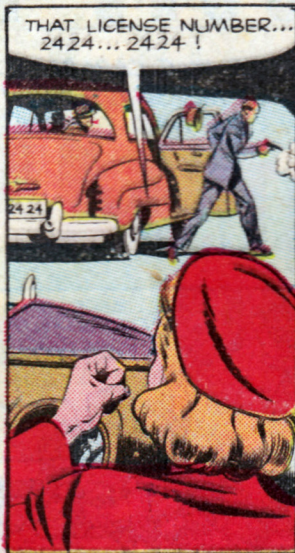
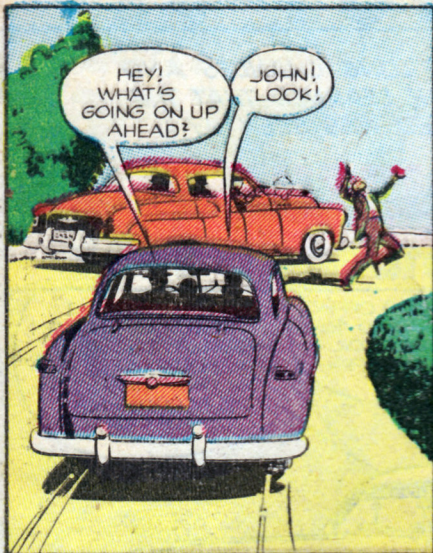


JUNE 10, 1950... JOHN BARLOW, HIS WIFE ELSA, AND THEIR NINE-YEAR OLD SON, EDDIE, WERE OUT IN THE FAMILY'S NEW CAR LOOKING FOR A SPOT IN VAN CORTLANDT PARK FOR THEIR FIRST PICNIC OF THE YEAR...

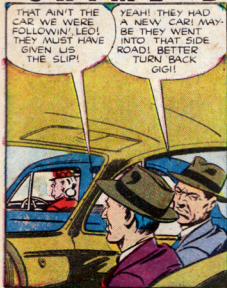


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THAT AIN'T THE CAR WE WERE FOLLOWIN', LEO! THEY MUST HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

YEAH! THEY HAD A NEW CAR! MAYBE THEY WENT INTO THAT SIDE ROAD! BETTER TURN BACK GIGI!



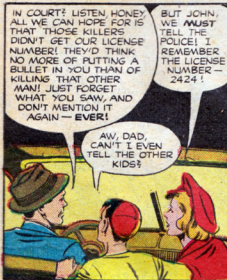
WELL, LEO!

THEY WERE HEADED FOR THE CITY! THEY'LL KEEP GOING THAT WAY! EVEN IF WE CATCH UP WITH THEM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW, WITH ALL THE CARS ON THE ROAD! BUT GIVE IT A TRY, GIGI!



THERE THEY GO, ELBA! I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT ON THIS ROAD TILL I CAN CUT OVER TO THE WEST SIDE! I DON'T EVER WANT TO RUN INTO THOSE BABIES AGAIN!

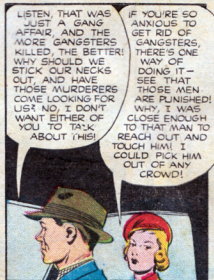
WE'LL HAVE TO IN COURT!



IN COURT? LISTEN, HONEY ALL WE CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT THOSE KILLERS DIDN'T GET OUR LICENSE NUMBER! THEY'D THINK NO MORE OF PUTTING A BULLET IN YOU THAN OF KILLING THAT OTHER MAN! JUST FORGET WHAT YOU SAW, AND DON'T MENTION IT AGAIN—EVER!

BUT JOHN, WE MUST TELL THE POLICE! I REMEMBER THE LICENSE NUMBER—2424!

AW, DAD, CAN'T I EVEN TELL THE OTHER KIDS?



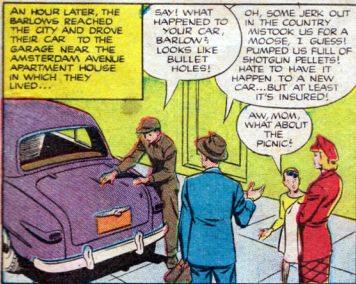
LISTEN, THAT WAS JUST A GANG AFFAIR, AND THE MORE GANGSTERS KILLED, THE BETTER! WHY SHOULD WE STICK OUR NECKS OUT, AND HAVE THOSE MURDERERS COME LOOKING FOR US? NO, I DON'T WANT EITHER OF YOU TO TALK ABOUT THIS!

IF YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF GANGSTERS, THERE'S ONE WAY OF DOING IT—SEE THAT THOSE MEN ARE PUNISHED! WHY, I WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THAT MAN TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH HIM! I COULD PICK HIM OUT OF ANY CROWD!



YES, AND HE GOT JUST AS GOOD A LOOK AT YOU! DON'T FORGET THAT!

ALL RIGHT, I WON'T SPEAK OF IT AGAIN! BUT I HATE TO SEE ANYONE GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



AN HOUR LATER, THE BARLOWS REACHED THE CITY AND DROVE THEIR CAR TO THE GARAGE NEAR THE AMSTERDAM AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH THEY LIVED...

SAY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR CAR, BARLOW? LOOKS LIKE BULLET HOLES!

OH, SOME JERK OUT IN THE COUNTRY MISTOOK US FOR A MOOSE, I GUESS! PUMPED US FULL OF SHOTGUN PELLETS! HATE TO HAVE IT HAPPEN TO A NEW CAR... BUT AT LEAST IT'S INSURED!

AW, MOM, WHAT ABOUT THE PICNIC?



OH, MR. MILLER... WILL YOU COME OVER AND LOOK AT THIS CAR?

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MR. BARLOW SAYS THEY'RE SHOTGUN HOLES PUT THERE BY ACCIDENT, BUT I USED TO DO SOME HUNTING AND I KNOW THEY AREN'T FROM SHOTGUN PELLETS! WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOSS?

I THINK THEY'RE BULLETS! AND I THINK SOMEONE DELIBERATELY SHOT AT THIS CAR! TOO MANY OF THEM TO BE ACCIDENTAL, HANK! ANYHOW, IT WON'T HURT TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT IT! I'LL CALL 'EM TOMORROW!

DETECTIVE WARREN JOHNSON RECEIVED THE CALL FROM GARAGE OWNER BEN MILLER AT THE 29TH PRECINCT! AS HE WAS LEAVING THE STATION...

WHAT'D THEY FIND UP AT VAN COURTLAND PARK ABOUT THE MURDER OF COOKIE HALE, JOHNSON! ANY CLUES?

ONLY A COUPLE OF SLUGS THE M.E. GOT OUT OF HIM! BALLISTICS CHECKED THEM WITH WHAT THEY HAVE ON FILE, BUT DIDN'T GET ANY LEADS! THE PARK GUARD WHO SAW THE CHASE BETWEEN THOSE TWO CARS NEAR THE MURDER SCENE WASN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY THEM!

CAPTAIN P. WINNINGHAM

THE WAY I FIGURE THAT ONE, SOMEBODY ACCIDENTALLY WITNESSED HALE'S SHOOTING, AND THE KILLERS CHASED THEM! IF THEY CAUGHT THAT OTHER CAR, WE CAN START COMBING THE CITY FOR A FEW MORE BODIES!

I'M GOING OVER TO MILLER'S GARAGE NOW! THEY REPORTED A CAR RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES... SAID THE OWNERS HAD GONE ON A PICNIC SUNDAY! MAYBE IT TIES UP!

HAVE YOU GREASED THIS CAR RECENTLY? GOT A MILEAGE RECORD ON IT?

SURE! WE GAVE IT A FIVE-HUNDRED-MILE CHECK-UP FRIDAY, AND IT WASN'T USED ON SATURDAY!

THERE'S FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT MILES ON THE GAUGE NOW!

AND HALE WAS KILLED ELEVEN MILES FROM HERE! THAT'D BE TWENTY-TWO BOTH WAYS! ALLOW SIXTEEN MILES FOR SOME DRIVING AROUND AND THE CHASE... I THINK WE HAVE A LEAD...

WHERE DOES THE OWNER LIVE?

THE BARLOWS LIVE AROUND THE CORNER ON AMSTERDAM AVENUE! THE OFFICE CAN GIVE YOU THE EXACT ADDRESS MR. JOHNSON!

DETECTIVE JOHNSON WENT TO THE SIXTEENTH-FLOOR BARLOW APARTMENT BUT RECEIVED DENIALS OF ANY KNOWLEDGE OF HALE'S MURDER...

MRS. BARLOW, I'VE APPEALED TO YOUR SENSE OF CIVIC DUTY! I DON'T LIKE TO USE THREATS, BUT WE'LL FIND OUT THE TRUTH AND THEN...

MY FIRST DUTY IS TO MY FAMILY, MR. JOHNSON! I'M NOT ADMITTING ANYTHING, BUT TRY TO SEE THIS FROM OUR VIEWPOINT! IF WE DID WITNESS A GANG MURDER, WE WOULD BE IN DANGER!

THEY NEEDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOU UNTIL THE TRIAL, MRS. BARLOW! AND YOU'D HAVE POLICE PROTECTION AS LONG AS IT WAS REQUIRED!

I'LL HAVE TO DISCUSS IT WITH MY HUSBAND!

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THERE MAY NOT BE TIME FOR THAT IF THE MURDERER KNOWS YOU SAW HIM! HE MAY LEAVE THE STATE! OR WORSE, HE MAY TRACE YOU THROUGH YOUR LICENSE NUMBER! IF YOU COULD COME DOWNTOWN WITH ME NOW...

YOU MEAN IDENTIFY HIS ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTO? ALL RIGHT, MR. JOHNSON, BUT FIRST, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

...THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE! I NOT ONLY GOT A CLOSE LOOK AT THE MAN, BUT I SAW THE LICENSE NUMBER ON THAT BUICK! IT WAS 2424!

2424? MRS. BARLOW, MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?

HELLO, SERGEANT RAFFERTY? JOHNSON! I WANT YOU TO CHECK A LICENSE WITH THE MOTOR VEHICLE BUREAU FOR ME... NEW YORK 2424! GOT IT? GOOD! I'LL BE DOWNTOWN IN HALF AN HOUR!

OH, I CAN'T LEAVE NOW! I HAVE TO PREPARE DINNER! THAT WOULD TAKE AT LEAST AN HOUR, AND I HAVE TO GET FIXED UP MYSELF... AND WHAT ABOUT EDDIE? I JUST CAN'T PICK UP AND LEAVE HIM HERE...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MRS. BARLOW, I'LL WAIT! AND AS FOR EDDIE, HE CAN COME RIGHT ALONG WITH US!

OH, BOY!

MEANWHILE, LEO GROPPER AND HIS MEN FOUND LITTLE COM' FORT IN THE MORNING PAPER! THEY WERE MEETING IN GROPPER'S APARTMENT ON CENTRAL PARK WEST...

IT SAYS THE COPS GOT NO LEAD YET, SO I AIN'T WORRIED ABOUT THEM! IT'S THAT DAME! MAYBE SHE'S BEEN TOO SCARED TO SPILL, BUT SUPPOSE SHE GETS OVER BEING SCARED?

SO WHAT DO WE DO... JUST SIT HERE TILL SHE GOES TO THE NEAREST, POKEY AND TELLS 'EM WHAT SHE SAW?

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? SHE FORGOT TO LEAVE HER ADDRESS! DON'T TALK DUMB, GIGI! ANYHOW, THIS IS MY HEADACHE!

YOUR HEADACHE? FRANK AND ME WERE WITH YOU! WE'D ALL TAKE THE SAME RAP— A QUICK TRIP TO THE HOT-SEAT! WE GOT TO EITHER REACH THAT WOMAN OR GET OUT OF TOWN!

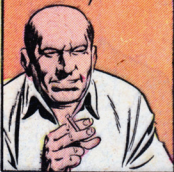
LOOK, WE KNOCKED OFF COOKIE HALE BECAUSE HE WAS CRAMPING OUR STYLE! GETTING RID OF HIM GIVES US A WHOLE NEW MARKET FOR OUR POKEY SLIPS AND I AIN'T BLOWING TOWN JUST WHEN I HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A MINT! BUT MAYBE I HAVE AN IDEA...

SEE THIS PICTURE THEY TOOK AT THE SPOT WHERE WE LEFT COOKIE? SEE THIS GUY? HE'S A DICK NAMED WARREN JOHNSON! HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE CASE AND HE'S ATTACHED TO THE 39TH PRECINCT! NOW, IF YOU WERE THIS DAME AND SAW THIS PICTURE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I'D GO TO THE SAME STATION HOUSE LOOKING FOR JOHNSON!... I SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT! WE CAN WATCH FOR HER AROUND THAT STATION! ONLY TROUBLE IS SHE MAY SPOT YOU FIRST, LEO!

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NOT IF WE CAN KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! MAYBE THERE'S A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET WHERE WE COULD HIDE... ANY PLACE WHERE I COULD HAVE A CHANCE TO LAMP HER KISSER IF SHE SHOWS UP...



AS IT HAPPENED LEO GROPPER AND GIGI BENUTTI HAD ONLY A HALF-HOUR. WAIT IN AN EMPTY TENEMENT FLAT ACROSS FROM THE 37TH PRECINCT STATION...

I'D SWEAR THAT'S THE SAME DETECTIVE THEY HAD IN THE NEWSPAPER PICTURE, BUT WHO'S THE SKIRT WITH HIM? SHE HAS A KID WITH HER! YOU DON'T THINK IT COULD BE...

I'LL KNOW FOR SURE AS SOON AS I GET THESE BINOCULARS ADJUSTED!



YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE, GIGI! WHAT A BREAK! FROM NOW ON WE GET OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US!



FOR HALF AN HOUR, ELSA BARLOW STUDIED ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS OF UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS, AMONG THEM KNOWN ENEMIES OF THE LATE COOKIE HALE...

IF SHE PICKS LEO GROPPER, OUT OF THE LOT, WE'VE GOT OUR MAN! THE BUREAU TOLD US A BUICK BEARING THE LICENSE NUMBER 2424 IS REGISTERED IN GROPPER'S NAME... BUT I WANT MRS. BARLOW TO POINT HIM OUT ON HER OWN!

IF GROPPER WASN'T THERE, IT MIGHT'VE BEEN ONE OF HIS BOYS, OR MAYBE HE LOANED HIS CAR TO SOME OUT-OF-TOWN HOODS!



HERE'S THE ONE! THIS IS THE MAN!



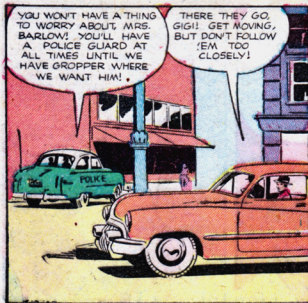
IT'S LEO GROPPER! WE'VE GOT THAT BUM GOOD THIS TIME... IF HE HANST SKIPPED THE COUNTRY!

PLEASE, MR. JOHNSON, I MUST GET BACK! MY HUSBAND WILL BE HOME FOR DINNER SOON!



YOU WON'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT, MRS. BARLOW. YOU'LL HAVE A POLICE GUARD AT ALL TIMES UNTIL WE HAVE GROPPER WHERE WE WANT HIM!

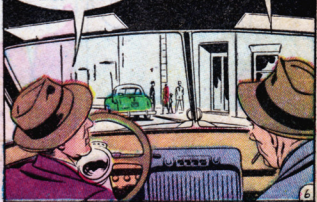
THERE THEY GO, GIGI! GET MOVING, BUT DON'T FOLLOW 'EM TOO CLOSELY!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

NOW WHAT, LEO? I KNOW THE COPS? THEY GOT THEMSELVES A MATERIAL WITNESS, AND THEY AIN'T GOING TO LET ANYBODY GET NEAR HER...

I KNOW IT WON'T BE EASY, BUT WE GOT TO DO SOMETHING OR GO TO THE CHAIR! I CAN'T SAY HOW, BUT THAT WOMAN'S GOT TO DIE!



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BANKS WILL STAY WITH YOU TILL I SEND SOMEONE TO RELIEVE HIM! I'M SORRY YOU HAVE TO BE INCONVENIENCED LIKE THIS. MRS. BARLOW! WE'LL GET IT OVER WITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

I'LL SET ANOTHER PLACE FOR MR. BANKS! MY HUSBAND WILL BE HOME IN A FEW MINUTES!

THE DINNER HOUR WAS MOSTLY TAKEN UP WITH QUESTIONS AND EXPLANATIONS! JOHN BARLOW TOOK THE TURN OF EVENTS MORE CALMLY THAN ELSA HAD EXPECTED...

I TRIED TO GET DETECTIVE JOHNSON TO WAIT TILL YOU CAME HOME, BUT HE SAID THERE WAS SOMETHING HE HAD TO DO BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!

WELL, I HOPE THIS SITUATION DOESN'T LAST TOO LONG! OUR LIVES WON'T BE OUR OWN!

YOU'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE, ELSA, BUT YOU WON'T DARE STEP OUT ON THE STREET OR GO SHOPPING! THOSE MEN WOULDN'T STOP AT ANYTHING TO MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL!

I...I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT! I SUPPOSE I CAN HAVE THE GROCERIES DELIVERED! WILL IT BE DANGEROUS FOR ME TO GO OUT, MR. BANKS?

I'LL PUT IT THIS WAY...YOU'D BE A LOT SAFER RIGHT HERE! IT'S HARD TO KEEP AN EYE ON EVERYONE IN CROWDED STREETS AND STORES! BUT REMEMBER THAT YOUR GREATEST SAFETY LIES IN THE FACT THAT GROPPER DOESN'T KNOW YOU ARE OUR WITNESS AND WON'T UNTIL YOU TESTIFY!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO STAYING IN THE HOUSE! JOHN, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED AT LEO GROPPER'S CENTRAL PARK WEST APARTMENT, THEY FOUND IT DESERTED...THE MOBSTERS HAD MOVED TO A HIDEOUT ON NEW YORK'S WEST SIDE...

THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ME FOR TWO WEEKS! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE EVER GOING TO TAKE THE HEAT OFF! CHEEZ, YOU'D THINK I'D KNOCKED OFF SOME BIG SHOT INSTEAD OF A PUNK HOOD!

YOU JUST DON'T LISTEN TO ANYBODY, LEO! I TOLD YOU TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM NEW YORK AS YOU COULD! THE OTHER BOYS WERE WILLING TO GO, BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

I DIDN'T WANT TO TOSS OVER THE RACKET I SPENT YEARS BUILDING UP! AND I COULDN'T KNOW IT WAS TOO LATE TILL I SAW THAT BARLOW WOMAN GO TO THE COPS! BY THAT TIME YOU CAN BET THEY HAD EVERY EXIT FROM THE CITY COVERED! KIRK, YOU'RE THE GUY WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HER!

WHAT? WHY ME? I WASN'T EVEN THERE! THE COPS GOT NOthin' ON ME! THAT'S YOUR WORRY AND GIG'S AND FRANK'S!

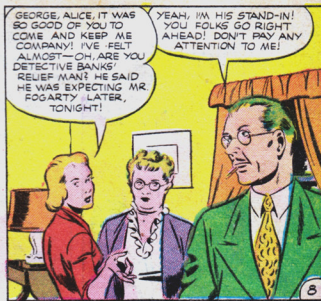
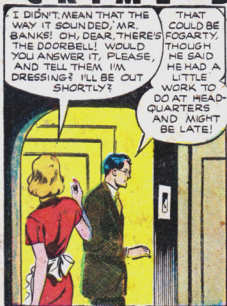
BUT YOU'LL DO IT FOR FIVE GRAND, WON'T YOU? IT'S WORTH THAT MUCH TO ME TO HAVE THAT JAME KNOCKED OFF! BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT, KIRK, IF THERE'S NOTHING IN THE MORNING PAPER ABOUT HER DEATH, YOU'D BETTER START RUNNING, 'CAUSE WELL BE LOOKING FOR YOU! NOW STEP ON IT!

THE TENSION HAD EASED IN THE BARLOW HOUSEHOLD! THEY WERE BECOMING ACCUSTOMED TO THE PRESENCE OF A CONSTANT GUARD...

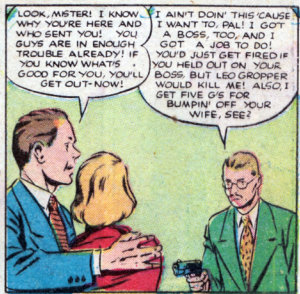
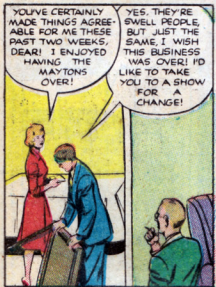
JOHN'S BRINGING GUESTS AGAIN TONIGHT—MR. AND MRS. MAYTON. HE'S JOHN'S BOSS! I THINK I'D BE CRAZY IF I DIDN'T SEE PEOPLE!

WELL, I WON'T BE AROUND ALL EVENING! MY RELIEF WILL BE CHECKING IN A LITTLE LATER ON!

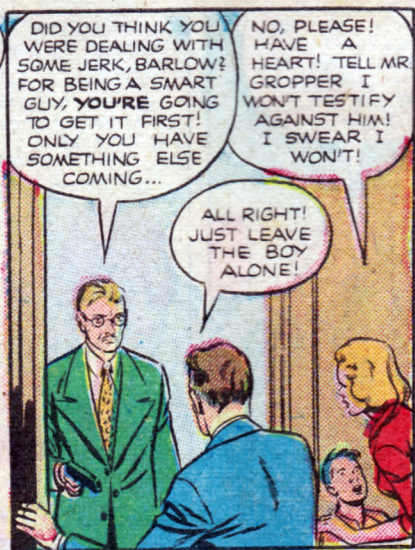
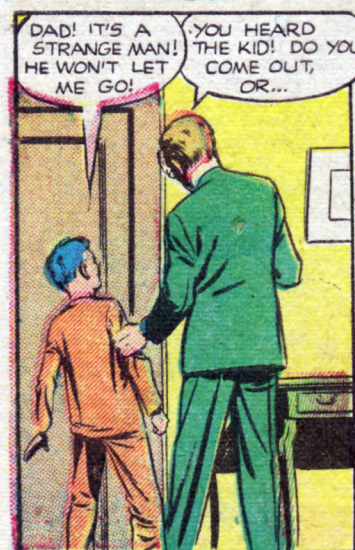
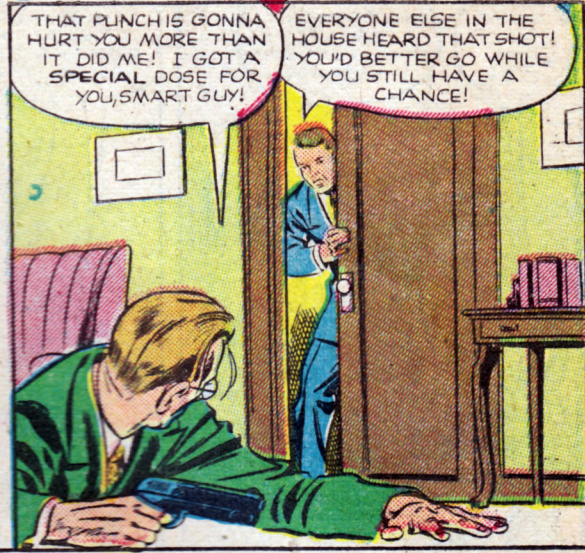
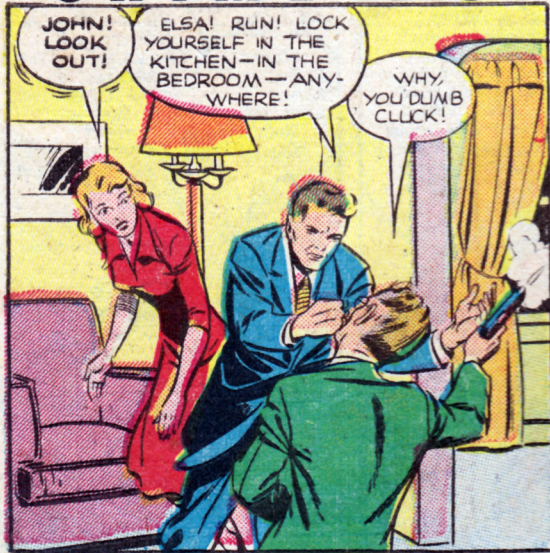
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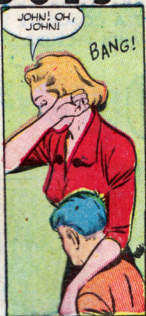


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E-E-E-E!
NO! NO!
NO!

SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY! YOU'LL BE WITH HIM IN A MINUTE, LADY!



JOHN! OH, JOHN!

BANG!



I'M A LITTLE LATE, BUT IT SEEMS I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! I WAS ON THE WAY UP THE HALL WHEN YOU SCREAMED, MRS. BARLOW... WHERE'S BANKS?

I GOTTA... GET TO... A DOCTOR! SHOULDER HURTS... BAD!

BOY! TALK ABOUT YOUR LAST-MINUTE RESCUES!... THANKS, FOGARTY!



BEFORE I TAKE YOU ANYWHERE, MUG, THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU... MOST OF ALL, WHERE CAN WE LAY HANDS ON LEO GROPPER?

I'LL TELL YOU! I'LL TALK! ONLY GIVE ME A BREAK! GROPPER THREATENED TO GET ME IF I DIDN'T DO THIS JOB!

FOGARTY, I WANT YOU TO SEE SOMETHING OVER HERE IN THE CLOSET!

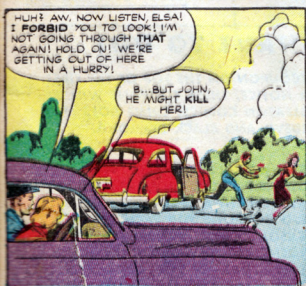
ARTHUR KIRK SAW! PLenty TO THE LAW! ENOUGH TO SEND LEO GROPPER, GIGI BENUTI AND FRANK MCCABE TO THE CHAIR! BUT IF KIRK THOUGHT HE'D SAVE HIMSELF BY TALKING, HE KNEW LESS ABOUT THE POLICE THAN HE THOUGHT! FOR KIRK SOON FOLLOWED HIS CRONIES TO THE DEATH CHAMBER!... THE BARLOW FAMILY WERE DETERMINED NOT TO LET THE AFFAIR CAST A SHADOW OVER THEIR LIVES AND THEY TOOK UP WHERE THEY HAD LEFT OFF BEFORE IT ALL BEGAN...



WELL, SON, THIS IS ONE PICNIC WE'RE GOING THROUGH WITH!

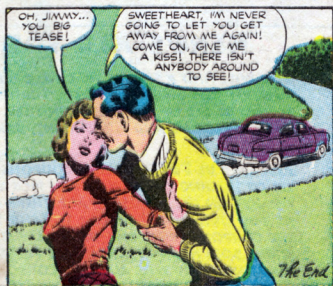
I'M GOING TO EAT ENOUGH TO MAKE UP FOR THE ONE WE MISSED!

JOHN! LOOK JOHN!



HUH? AW, NOW LISTEN, ELSA! I FORBID YOU TO LOOK! I'M NOT GOING THROUGH THAT AGAIN! HOLD ON! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!

B...BUT JOHN, HE MIGHT KILL HER!



OH, JIMMY... YOU BIG TEASE!

SWEETHEART, I'M NEVER GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY FROM ME AGAIN! COME ON, GIVE ME A KISS! THERE ISN'T ANYBODY AROUND TO SEE!

The End

CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.

QUICK

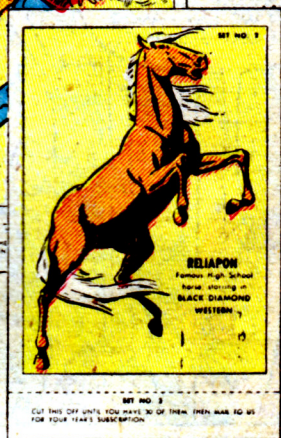
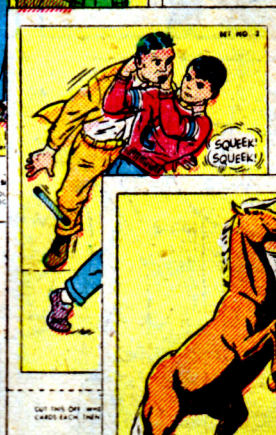
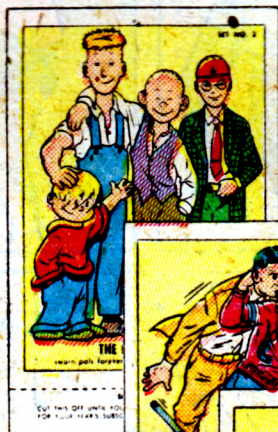
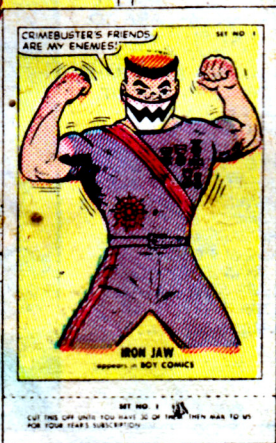
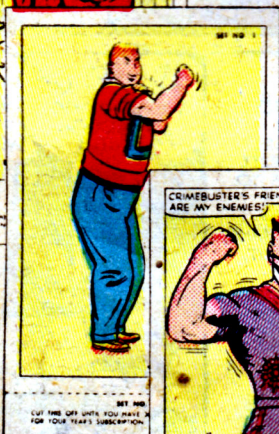
START YOUR COLLECTION NOW!
GET A COMPLETE SET OF LEV GLEASON
COMICS PICTURE TRADING CARDS!

IT'S
FREE!

**NO MONEY
TO PAY!**

**SENT TO YOU
WITHOUT COST!**

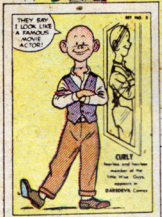
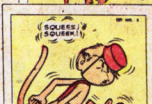
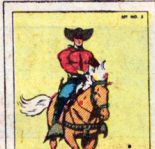
IT'S EASY!



HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

YOU WILL FIND A SPECIAL TRADING CARD COUPON ON THE TOP OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS MAGAZINE. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THESE COUPONS WILL BE FOUND IN ALL OF THE FOLLOWING LEV GLEASON COMICS: CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BOY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL AND BLACK DIAMOND.

JUST SEND US **TWO** OF THESE COUPONS AND WE WILL SEND YOU **FREE** ONE SET OF TRADING CARDS. YOU CAN PICK YOUR OWN SETS. THEY ARE LISTED IN THE BOX ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. THERE ARE 5 SETS IN ALL. COLLECT AS MANY AS YOU LIKE. JUST REMEMBER TO SEND TWO COUPONS FOR EACH SET. TAKE THE COUPONS FROM ANY OF THE LEV GLEASON COMICS MENTIONED ABOVE (CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, DAREDEVIL, BOY AND BLACK DIAMOND). THEY WILL ALL HAVE COUPONS, WAITING FOR YOU, ON THE FIRST PAGE OF EVERY ISSUE.



SET NO. 1
CUT THIS SET WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE COUPONS OF 10 CARDS EACH. THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

SET NO. 2
CUT THIS SET WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE COUPONS OF 10 CARDS EACH. THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

SET NO. 3
CUT THIS SET WHEN YOU HAVE TWO COMPLETE COUPONS OF 10 CARDS EACH. THEN MAIL TO US FOR YOUR YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

HERE ARE THE SETS

When you send your coupons, choose the set or sets you want. Order them by number — but each set is COMPLETE and cards in each set CANNOT be changed. Order more sets as you want more cards.



SET NO. 1
SLUGGISH GRUESOME JONES
IRON JAW

SET NO. 3
CHIP GARDNER
BUMPER
CURLY

SET NO. 2
WISE GUYS GROUP
CRIMEBUSTER
AND SQUEEKS
RELIAPON

SET NO. 4
SCARECROW
DAREDEVIL
DILLY DUNCAN

SET NO. 5
BLACK DIAMOND AND RELIAPON
SQUEEKS
HOT ROCK FLANAGAN

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE COUPON YOU NEED TO GET YOUR TRADING CARDS. YOU WILL FIND IT ON THE FIRST INSIDE PAGE OF EACH MAGAZINE. THIS SAMPLE COUPON HAS NO VALUE. DON'T USE IT.



SAMPLE COUPON

WHEN YOU SEND YOUR COUPONS, PASTE THEM ON A POST CARD OR ATTACH THEM TO THE HANDY ORDER BLANK ON THIS PAGE. BE SURE TO ORDER YOUR SET BY NUMBER AND BE SURE TO PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY. SEND TO:

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.
114 E. 32nd STREET,
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE CRAZY ABOUT THESE WONDERFUL PICTURES. EACH IS PRINTED ON HEAVY CARDBOARD 2 3/4" X 3 3/8", IN HANDSOME FULL COLOR. ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY YOU. TRADE DUPLICATE CARDS FOR FAVORITES. BUILD UP THE FIRST AND BEST COLLECTION!

EXTRA BONUS

WHEN YOU GET TWO COMPLETE SETS OF ALL THESE CARDS — 30 IN ALL — WE WILL GIVE YOU A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE NAMED MAGAZINES. AT THE BOTTOM OF EACH CARD THERE IS A PERFORATED STRIP. JUST CUT THIS STRIP OFF AND MAIL THE STRIPS — ALL 30 OF THEM — TO US. ENCLOSE A LETTER TELLING US WHICH OF THESE LEV GLEASON COMICS YOU WANT AND REMEMBER TO SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. THAT'S ALL. WE'LL START YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH THE NEXT ISSUE.

ORDER BLANK

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
114 E. 32nd Street,
New York 16, N. Y.

Friends.

Enclosed are _____ trading picture coupons cut from Lev Gleason Comics. Please send me the following sets of pictures (2 coupons ansite me to 1 set of 3 pictures)

Set No. 1 Set No. 2 Set No. 3
Set No. 4 Set No. 5

My name is _____ (Please print)

My address is _____ (Please print)

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



5 inches
of new
Muscle

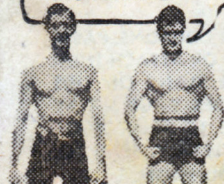
"My arms increased
1 1/4"; chest 2 1/4"; fore-
arm 1/2" — C. B. W. Va.



What a
difference!

"Have put
3 1/2" on chest (nor-
mal) and 2 1/2" ex-
panded. F. S. N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!



John Jacobs
BEFORE John Jacobs
AFTER



For quick results
I recommend
**CHARLES
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot
showing wonderful prog-
ress." — W. G., N. J.

GAINED
29
POUNDS



"When I started,
weighed only 144.
Now 170."
— T. K., N. Y.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man" in
international
contest — in
competition with
ALL men who
would consent to
appear against
him.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinned-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—at ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 254H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 254H
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHO DUNNIT?

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU DISCOVER AND INTERPRET THE CLUES THAT WERE IMMEDIATELY APPARENT TO AGENT WILTON OF THE F.B.I. IN THE STRANGE CASE OF GEORGE BLANDISH?

THE DEAD DON'T TALK

THIS IS WHAT WINNIE GLENN CLAIMED SHE SAW HAPPEN IN THE FIFTH-FLOOR CORRIDOR OF THE HOTEL ROSEMONT: WAS SHE TRYING TO FRAME AN ALIBI FOR HERSELF, OR WAS HER STORY TRUE? IF TRUE, THEN ONE OF THREE MEN **MUST** HAVE BEEN GUILTY! WHO WAS THE CULPRIT? WATCH FOR THE CLUES AS YOU READ THE STORY BEHIND THE DEATH OF FRANK TITUS, ALIAS GEORGE BLANDISH, IN THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN TOWN OF ROSEMONT!



CARL CROTON,
HOTEL GUEST

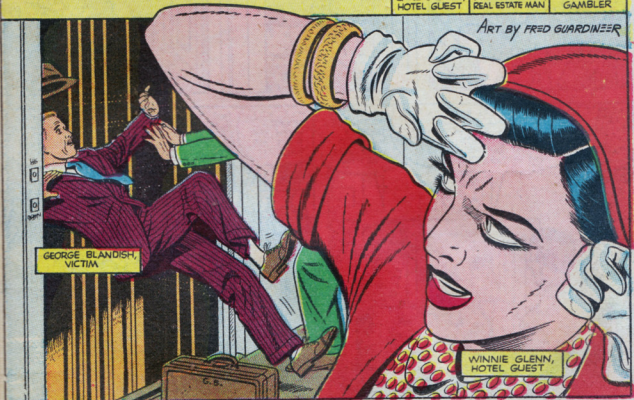


ARTHUR BLAKE,
REAL ESTATE MAN



TIM KUHN,
GAMBLER

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER



GEORGE BLANDISH,
VICTIM

WINNIE GLENN,
HOTEL GUEST



WHY, HELLO, MR. BLANDISH: I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU BACK SO SOON! FRANKNTT! PETE! FRONNTT!

I FOUND I COULD GET AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS, SO HERE I AM! NO PLACE LIKE ROSEMONT, I SAY!



NO, BLANDISH, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE ROSEMONT, EVEN IN THE OFF-SEASON! YOU SHOULD COME OFTEN AND STICK AROUND LONGER!

OH, HELLO, CROTON! I... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE STILL HERE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AS YOU SAY, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE ROSEMONT! YOU HAVE AN EXCELLENT ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR, HAVEN'T YOU? I'LL STOP UP AND SEE YOU LATER!



MORE TO THE POINT, BLANDISH, SUPPOSE I STOP OFF AT THE FIFTH AND TALK TO YOU A WHILE!

FIFTH FLOOR!

I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU WHAT A NICE PLACE ROSEMONT IS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO!



I... I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, CROTON!

I'LL HELP MR. BLANDISH WITH HIS BAG, PETE! YOU'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE LOBBY! SOMEBODY'S BUZZING FOR YOU!



OKAY, MR. CROTON!

HERE'S PETE SHOEBEL NOW, MR. WILTON!



WHY THE FORMAL INTRODUCTION? AND WHY ALL THE BUZZING? I CAN'T BE BELL-HOP AND ELEVATOR BOY BOTH! I'VE TOLD YOU THAT BEFORE, CAREY! I'M GOING TO QUIT!

COME OVER TO THE DESK, PETE! I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!

YOU... YOU... YOU'RE WITH THE F.B.I., MR. WILTON?



THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! I ASKED CAREY HERE IF YOU CAN BE TRUSTED AND HE SAYS YOU CAN! SO I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TO HELP US! GEORGE BLANDISH IS AN EMBEZZLER WHOSE REAL NAME IS FRANK TITUS!



HE GOT AWAY WITH \$50,000 FROM THE TOWER CITY TRUST COMPANY, AND WE THINK HE HAS IT WITH HIM! NOW WE WANT TO KNOW WHO CONTACTS HIM HERE IN ROSEMONT!



I CAN NAME ONE PERSON WHO ALREADY WAS!

THAT'S CARL CROTON! HE'S UP IN 505 TALKING WITH GEORGE BLANDISH RIGHT NOW!



CROTON HAS BEEN HERE FOR A MONTH! HE OWES US FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS! HE'S EXPECTING SOME MONEY, HE SAYS!



I'M GOING OUTSIDE AND THROW A CORDON OF STATE POLICE AROUND THE HOTEL! ANYBODY COMING OUT WILL BE STOPPED, BUT WE'LL ALLOW PEOPLE TO GO IN! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TO KEEP TAB ON BLANDISH AND CROTON, PETE!

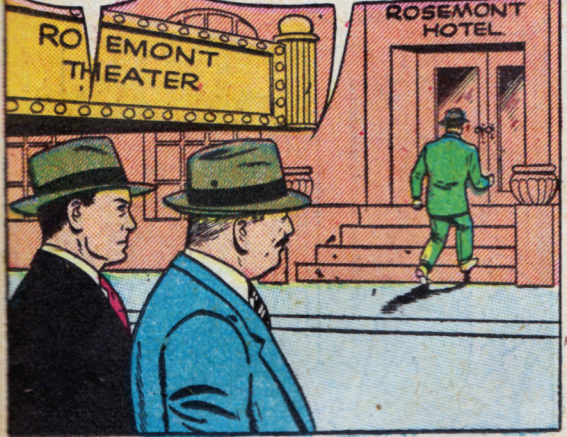


OH, BOY! I SURE WILL!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THERE GOES SOMEBODY INTO THE HOTEL! KNOW HIM, SHERIFF? *

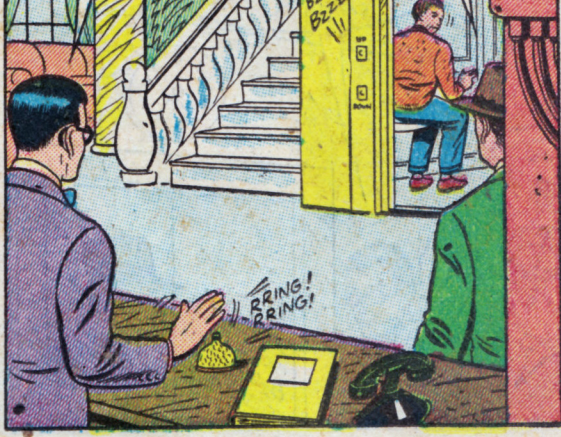
YES, IT'S ARTHUR BLAKE, A LOCAL REAL ESTATE OPERATOR! HE'S BEEN TAKING A LOT OF OPTIONS ON LAND LATELY, AND WE'VE BEEN WONDERING WHERE HE'LL GET THE MONEY TO BUY UP ALL THAT PROPERTY!



PETE! WAKE UP! SOMEBODY'S BUZZING FOR THE ELEVATOR!

WH..WHAT?..OH, YEAH, MR. CAREY! RIGHT AWAY!

'HOLD IT, PETE! I'M GOING UP!'



WHAT FLOOR, MR. BLAKE?

THE FIFTH!



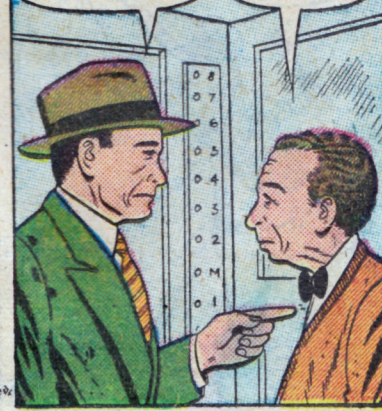
WELL! SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO COME UP! I'VE BEEN BUZZING FOR FIVE MINUTES STRAIGHT!

SORRY, MR. CROTON! I..I GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR YOU! THEN I HAD TO WAIT A MINUTE FOR A MESSENGER!



ALWAYS A DIFFERENT EXCUSE! SOME DAY YOU'LL RUN OUT OF 'EM! NOW HOLD IT, STUPID! I'M NOT GOING DOWN! TAKE ME UP TO THE TOP FLOOR! YOU CAN HELP ME GET PACKED! I'M CHECKING OUT!

ALL RIGHT, MR. CROTON!



BUT MR. CROTON, I'VE BEEN HELPING YOU PACK FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES! I'VE GOTTA GET BACK TO MY ELEVATOR!

WHAT FOR? YOU'RE A BELL-BOY TOO, AREN'T YOU? ANYWAY, YOU'VE GOT THE ELEVATOR UP HERE ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR, SO IF ANYBODY BUZZES, YOU'LL HEAR HIM! THAT'S WHY I LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!

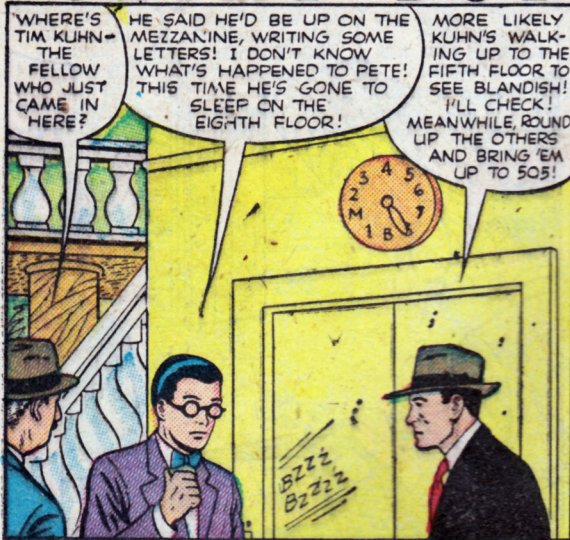


MEANWHILE... THIS IS A LITTLE BETTER NOW THAT THEY'VE TURNED OFF THE THEATER LIGHTS! IT'S EASIER TO RECOGNIZE PEOPLE AT CLOSE RANGE! SAY—THERE GOES TIM KUHN! HE'S THE TOWN'S BIG-SHOT GAMBLER!

HE'S BEEN MIXED UP IN A LOT OF THINGS IN A LOT OF PLACES! WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A QUORUM! MAYBE WE'D BETTER MOVE IN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHERE'S TIM KUHN— THE FELLOW WHO JUST CAME IN HERE?

HE SAID HE'D BE UP ON THE MEZZANINE, WRITING SOME LETTERS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PETE! THIS TIME HE'S GONE TO SLEEP ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR!

MORE LIKELY KUHN'S WALKING UP TO THE FIFTH FLOOR TO SEE BLANDISH! I'LL CHECK! MEANWHILE, ROUND UP THE OTHERS AND BRING 'EM UP TO 505!



LISTEN, MR. CROTON, SOMEBODY'S BEEN BUZZING FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES NOW, AND IF I DON'T GET DOWN TO THE LOBBY, MR. CAREY WILL BE MAD!

NOT HALF AS MAD AS I'LL BE IF I MISS MY TRAIN ON YOUR ACCOUNT, THICK-HEAD! PUT THOSE BAGS ON THE ELEVATOR AND COME BACK FOR THE REST! I'LL SQUARE YOU WITH CAREY!



AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE THIRD FLOOR STAIRWAY...

TIM KUHN! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU, BLAKE?



...AND LET'S SEE YOU TRY TO STOP ME! YOU'RE GOING DOWN, SO HERE'S SOMETHING TO HELP YOU ALONG THE WAY!



FELLOW NAMED KUHN—TOUGH GUY, GAMBLER—PUT THE SLUG ON ME WHILE I WAS COMING DOWN FROM THE FIFTH FLOOR!

I'M WILTON OF THE F.B.I.! I'LL HANDLE KUHN! YOU GET ON DOWN TO THE LOBBY AND REPORT TO SHERIFF HAWKINS!



SORRY, MR. CROTON, BUT YOU CAN'T CHECK OUT TILL YOU'VE ANSWERED A FEW QUESTIONS!

WHAT A BUNCH OF LUNKHEADS IN THIS TOWN! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO—HOLD ME OVER SO THE HOTEL WILL CLIP ME FOR ANOTHER DAY?

BETTER GET UP TO THE FIFTH FLOOR, SHERIFF! WILTON MAY BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH KUHN!



SO YOU'RE FROM THE F.B.I.! AND YOU WANT TO SEE FRANK TITUS, ALIAS GEORGE BLANDISH! WELL, I WANT TO SEE HIM, TOO, SO THAT MAKES US EVEN UP! ONLY HE ISN'T AROUND!

I CAN SEE HE ISN'T, BUT NEITHER IS THE BAG THAT CAREY SAID HE BROUGHT IN WITH HIM! I'LL HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, KUHN—AFTER THE OTHERS GET HERE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

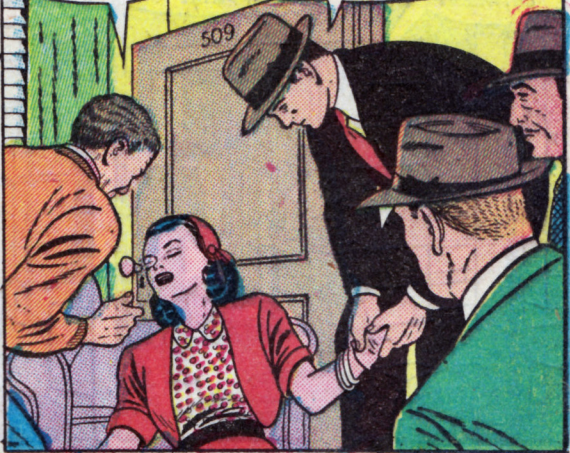
KUHN SAYS BLANDISH WAS GONE WHEN HE GOT HERE! DID BLANDISH SAY ANYTHING TO YOU ABOUT LEAVING, BLAKE?

I DIDN'T EVEN SEE BLANDISH! I KNOCKED AT HIS DOOR HALF A DOZEN TIMES, BUT HE DIDN'T ANSWER! I KEPT RINGING FOR THE ELEVATOR BETWEEN TIMES AND WHEN IT DIDN'T COME, I KNOCKED SOME MORE! FINALLY I GAVE UP!

MAYBE WINNIE GLENN SAW BLANDISH LEAVE! HER ROOM IS 509 AND I THINK SHE'S IN!

IT'S MISS GLENN— BUT... BUT IS SHE... IS SHE DEAD?

NO, SHE'S ALIVE, AND SHE'S COMING AROUND ALL RIGHT! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TAPPED HER WITH A BLACKJACK!



BREATHE FRESH AIR, MISS GLENN, AND YOU'LL SOON FEEL ALL RIGHT! CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?

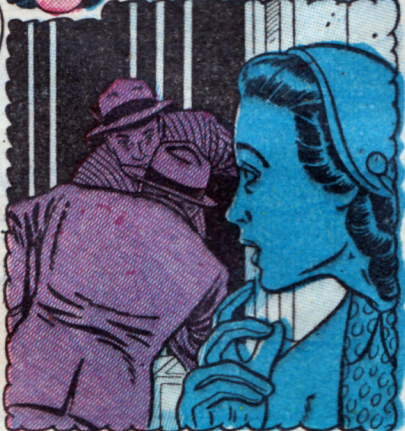
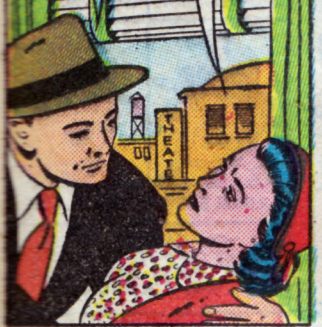
I'D BEEN DOZING, I GUESS! WHEN I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND SAW THE LIGHTS WERE STILL ON AT THE ROSEMONT THEATER THAT MEANT I'D HAVE TIME TO CATCH THE LAST SHOW!



WHEN I STEPPED OUT IN THE CORRIDOR, I SAW TWO MEN STRUGGLING BY THE ELEVATOR SHAFT! THE DOOR TO THE SHAFT WAS OPEN...



... AS I STOOD THERE, HORRIFIED, ONE MAN PITCHED THE OTHER THROUGH THE DOOR AND KICKED HIS SUITCASE AFTER HIM...



I RECOGNIZED THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO WAS PITCHED INTO THE SHAFT! IT WAS GEORGE BLANDISH! THEN THE DOORS CLANGED SHUT...



BUT BEFORE I COULD SEE WHO THE KILLER WAS, EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!



I... I MUST HAVE BEEN HIT— PERHAPS WITH A BLACK-JACK— THE WAY MY HEAD ACHES!

COME DOWN-STAIRS WITH US, MISS GLENN! IF YOUR STORY'S TRUE, WE MAY HAVE A MURDER ON OUR HANDS!

THOSE ELEVATOR DOORS ARE EASY TO OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDE, MR. WILTON! I'LL TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE LOBBY AND WE CAN LEAVE THE CAR THERE, WHILE WE CHECK THE BASEMENT!



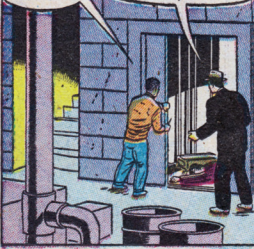
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEE...YOU CAN OPEN THE DOORS BY JUST WEDGING A PEN-KNIFE IN BETWEEN!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT'S LYING THERE IN THE SHAFT-BLANDISH'S BODY! AND THE SUITCASE, TOO! LEND ME A HAND, PETE!

HE'S SO DEAD HE COULDN'T BE ANY DEADER! SAY, MR. WILTON, LOOK AT ALL THAT DOUGH!

IT'S THE MONEY HE EMBEZZLED, OR MOST OF IT! MAYBE ONE OF THAT BUNCH UPSTAIRS KNOWS ABOUT THE REST OF IT! WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, THOUGH, IS WHO KILLED BLANDISH?



I'VE ALREADY HEARD WINNIE GLENN'S STORY! I'LL KNOW HOW IT STACKS AFTER THE REST OF YOU TELL YOURS!

I WAS STUCK HERE 'CAUSE BLANDISH OWED ME \$2,500 FROM A GAMBLING DEBT! I WENT UPSTAIRS WITH HIM HOPING HE'D PAY ME OFF IN FULL AND HE DID! HE WAS STILL IN HIS ROOM WHEN I LEFT!

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT BLANDISH DIDN'T ANSWER MY KNOCKS! HE'D PROMISED TO BACK ME IN SOME REAL ESTATE DEALS! I HAD NO IDEA WHERE THE MONEY WAS COMING FROM!

I DIDN'T CARE WHERE BLANDISH GOT HIS MONEY! HE OWED ME FIVE GRAND THAT HE LOST AT MY ROULETTE TABLE! I WAS WAITING FOR HIM TO SHOW UP, LIKE I SAID!



WHO DUNNIT???

WINNIE GLENN?	CARL CROTON?
ARTHUR BLAKE?	TIM KUHN?

IF YOU CANNOT GUESS WHO DUNNIT, TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE SOLUTION!

TO TWENTY ON A MANSLAUGHTER CONVICTION! THEIR QUARREL! HE'S NOW DOING TEN HENCE CHARGE IF ANYTHING WENT WRONG. INCRIMINATE HIM ON THE EMBEZZLEMENT THAT BLANDISH HAD THREATENED TO ON KLUHN, TOO! BAKER'S STORY WAS TIED TO FRANK CROTON AND LATER WHEN HE SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO THROW SUSPICION, BLAKE FINALLY CONFESSED, ADMITTING HE



CROTON HAD A PERFECT ALIBI, THOUGH BLAKE HERE DIDN'T KNOW IT WHEN HE PITCHED BLANDISH DOWN THE SHAFT, BAG AND ALL! INTENDING TO PICK UP THE MONEY LATER! BLANDISH TOOK CROTON UP TO THE FIFTH FLOOR AT THE EIGHTH, AND STAYED THERE! AT NO TIME WAS HE ABOVE ELEVATOR ABOVE HIM! IT WOULD HAVE BLOCKED BLANDISH'S FALL IF CROTON HAD BEEN THE GUY WHO SHOVED HIM!



NICE GOING, MISTER! DROP THAT BLACKJACK, BLAKE! IT'S EVIDENCE! YOU PROBABLY YOU ROSEMARY WHEN IT WAS DARK WHEN I ARRIVED HERE! SO WINNIE USE WITH IT AND HAVE SEEN THE BLANDISH SO WINNIE USE!



WHY... YOU... YOU SAY THE THEATER STILL LIGHTED UP IN THE BARBAIN, WINNIE! SO YOUR STORY MUST BE STRAIGHT! DOWN THE SHAFT AND SUGGED YOURSELF IN THE BARBAIN, WINNIE!

MY NEW SENSATIONAL SAW SAWS BOTH WOOD AND METAL

Amazing
Spiral
Blade



Here's the amazing saw invention that hobbyists and craftsmen are acclaiming from coast to coast. It cuts through any material like a high speed machine saw because the marvelous spiral cutting edge adds tremendous power to your stroke. Can't slip . . . grips metal or wood with even, instantaneous action . . . goes through either as quick as lightning. A revolutionary improvement that permits this new

spiral to saw metal as easily as wood. If you're an expert you'll call it the most valuable tool in your shop . . . If you just like to do a few odd jobs around the house you'll be amazed at the fine quality work you can do with SPIRAL. Let us send you one on 10 days FREE TRIAL—you'll never part with it for double the money.

SAWS

- Aluminum
- Balsa
- Bamboo
- Bone
- Brass
- Bronze
- Cork Board
- Copper
- Felt
- Fiberglass
- Gold
- Iron
- Leather
- Lignum
- Masonry
- Paper
- Plaster Board
- Plastic
- Plywood
- Rock wood
- Rubber
- Screening
- Stainless Steel

An Amazing Spiral Blade That Saws on a New Principle

This revolutionary new saw consists of a special Vibro-Flex frame and a miracle blade that cuts anything from rubber to steel, WITHOUT CLOGGING OR JAMMING, and without CHEWING, CHIPPING OR TEARING THE MATERIAL. Imagine being able to cut in any direction without turning the saw! With its amazing new spiral blade this marvelous saw reaches into corners to cut the most difficult shapes—does work you just can't do with any other type blade. This Special Spiral Wander Blade, the greatest saw invention since Miller's circular saw in 1777, is made of high carbon steel, hardened by a special heat-treating process. It outlasts dry hacksaw or coping saw blade.

Start your cut exactly where you want it—the blade will not jump or bend. You can guide the blade with your thumb with no danger of cutting. SO SAFE IT CAN BE USED FREELY, BY WOMEN OR CHILDREN.

IT'S SAFE — EVEN FOR CHILDREN

WONDERFUL FOR MODELERS

Modelers of airplanes, railroads, metals, jewelry, and all hobbyists and mechanics will delight in using this SPIRAL SAW. Adds to the fun of the job . . . BUT . . . more important, it works cleaner, easier and faster.

Small in Size — A Giant in Performance

Another amazing feature of the SPIRAL! It's light weight. Easy to carry. Easier to handle . . . BUT . . . A Giant of sawing power when in action.

Easy to Saw

Just put the SPIRAL in place and you're sawing on a straight, even line. It won't slip. It's safe. No matched edges to cut yourself. **SAFE FOR CHILDREN.**

This magnified section shows you the continuous spiral teeth.



IDEAL FOR HOME USES

Housewives and the menfolk too will find the SPIRAL SAW a handy helper to have around. Whether you're expert or a beginner, you can use a SPIRAL. You can easily saw on a straight or curved line. Plenty of jobs you can do yourself. Save time and money too!



ONLY \$1.95 complete

GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS CO
Dept. T 118
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush me Special Spiral Saw with FOUR EXTRA BLADES for practically a lifetime of use. Upon arrival, I will pay postman \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, I can return the saw and blades for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

I am enclosing \$2.00 per saw. You pay postage. Of course, I receive the FOUR FREE BLADES and the same money-back guarantee.

4 EXTRA BLADES FREE. RUSH COUPON FOR TRIAL OFFER

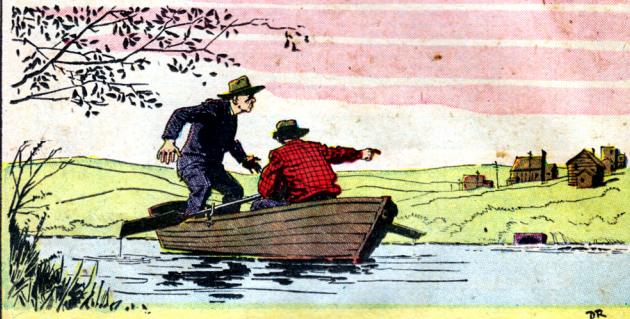
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If you ACT AT ONCE you get this revolutionary new saw plus four extra blades for practically a lifetime of use. You get these FOUR BLADES ABSOLUTELY FREE. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—Simply fill out the coupon below. When your saw and FOUR EXTRA BLADES arrive, pay postman ONLY \$1.95 plus postage. If you're not completely satisfied, return the saw and blades for prompt refund of full purchase price.



You Can't Charge a Man With Murder When There
Are No Witnesses and You Can't Even Produce the
Body of the Victim, But in the Case of Limey Davis ...

THE CORPSE CAME BACK!



LIMEY DAVIS had disappeared. He just dropped from the face of the earth, as far as any traces went. And, because he had lived alone in a furnished room, it might have been a long time before the police even knew about his fadeout if he hadn't happened to owe five dollars to Ben Seitz, who ran a pool parlor.

Detective Clyde Mallet made it a practice to drop in at the poolroom now and then. All the drifters who hit Galesburg landed at Seitz' place sooner or later, and Mallet had a chance to look them over. That's how he happened to hear about Limey.

"The guy must've skipped town after Schultz beat him up," Seitz remarked. "They tell me it was quite a fight. After midnight, too!"

The detective's ears opened up at that remark. He didn't say anything, but he started checking. Limey hadn't left by bus. And it was pretty certain he hadn't gone by train within the last three days. So Mallet learned his address and went to see Limey's landlady.

Mrs. Reikart wasn't feeling pleasant when Detective Mallet showed up. She made it clear that she wanted no part of Limey or any of his

friends after what happened! A week before a man had practically torn Limey's room apart looking for something, yet the little cockney had insisted it was all right because the man was a friend of his.

"Some friend!" Mrs. Reikart sniffed. "And then, two nights ago, another man came, or he might even have been the same one. I don't know. They started to fight and I told 'em to get out. They did, and had a regular knockdown, drag-out brawl in the vacant lot next door. You can see where the bushes were beat down. But finally they left. And I ain't seen hide nor hair of Limey since, with him owing a week's rent!"

Mallet looked over the vacant lot. There had been a fight all right. A bloody one. There'd been no rain, and he found spots of dried blood on long, matted grass which was still pressed flat from the weight of a body.

The whole police department went to work then, but Limey Davis had disappeared completely. Search of a big area of vacant lots showed no sign of digging.

When Ben Seitz was questioned he surprised Chief Cogan by admitting that he was the man

(Turn page for continuation of story.)

New Invention POCKET ADDING MACHINE Dials LIKE A PHONE

**NOTHING
TO LEARN**

Just Dial Now anyone can add and subtract up to a million in split seconds. Just dial like a phone and presto, chango, there's your accurate answer. What every business man, clerk, housewife, student, etc., needs for fast, accurate, calculation and subtraction. It's easy to carry in side pocket or purse. It's flat like a ruler. Easy to read numbers. As fast as you dial, you have your answers. No moving parts to get out of order. Nothing to learn. Start using it right away.

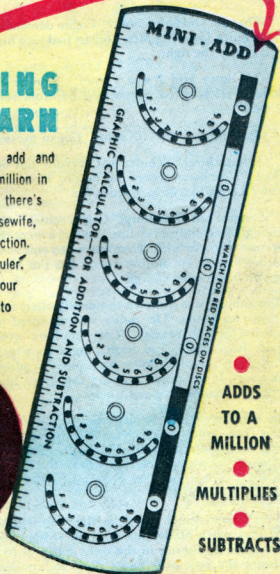
EASY TO CARRY
A MIDGET IN SIZE . . . A GIANT IN PERFORMANCE

Only 8½" long. As thin as a quarter. Easily and conveniently fits in any pocket or purse. Ever ready and handy for fast accurate calculation.

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You must be 100% pleased in 10 days or money back.

ONLY \$1.00 complete



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Send by return mail newly invented MINI-ADD on 10-day guarantee.

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Only two to a customer at this introductory price.

who had searched Limey's room. "Schultz accused him of pilfering coats at the poolroom," Seitz said, "and I went to find out. There was no sign of any of the stolen stuff, and Limey was pretty sore at Schultz."

Schultz, who also lived in a furnished room, was brought into police headquarters sweating. His room had been searched without much result. The cops found a hunting knife that Seitz swore had belonged to Limey Davis. Schultz said Davis gave it to him, and there was nobody to dispute him.

"What did you fight about?" Cogan demanded, and Schultz, knowing Mrs. Reikart had seen him, didn't deny the fight.

"The limey said I was a thief!" Schultz exploded. "He said that was why I had told Seitz he was!"

"What did you do with him?" Cogan pressed.

"Do with him?" Schultz was nervous, but not a fool. "You mean where did he go? How do I know? Looks like he skipped town."

"He never left Galesburg," Cogan stated flatly, although he couldn't be sure, "and you were the last man who saw him. That was when you were beating his life out in that vacant lot. I'm holding you on an open charge."

But Schultz was free on a thousand dollars bail within two hours. The police had no shred of evidence except hearsay. They couldn't even legally prove there had been a fight in which Schultz was involved unless he wanted to admit it in court. It was possible Limey had given him the knife. Possible, but not likely.

In two days the excitement had begun to die down. The police search, wide and thorough as it had been, yielded no shred of evidence. There was more than a suspicion that Schultz had killed Limey Davis, but until the body was found that was only guesswork.

That's how things stood on the morning of June 14th when Mallet and a friend of his took a day off to go fishing in the river. Early in the morning the two men got a dory and pulled down stream. Bates was rowing as they neared the south edge of town, but he suddenly rested on the oars and nodded inshore.

"Take a look, Clyde," he said, "about a hundred feet in toward shore. Looks like a body floating."

The detective put down his fishing tackle and turned to look as the boat edged closer. It was Limey Davis all right, and he had started to leave town! His body was still recognizable even though it had bloated enough to float.

Mallet whistled softly and snapped his fingers. "So that's it!" He exclaimed. "The one place we didn't look was down the manholes in the street!"

"I don't get you." George Bates was puzzled at the detective's reaction.

"It's a murder, George, and if it hadn't been for pure chance the killer might've gotten away with it clean—at least, for a long time. It was his bad luck that he dumped the body into the main sewer. It's the only conduit big enough to float a body out!"

Within thirty minutes Chief Cogan appeared with the coroner in answer to Mallet's phone call. Dr. Frank made a preliminary examination and pronounced death due to a knife-wound under the right shoulder blade, plus multiple contusions and a possible skull fracture.

"You were right, Schultz," Chief Cogan told the sweating prisoner when he was picked up. "Limey Davis was leaving town when Detective Mallet found him. But he wasn't going by bus or train. He was floating down the river."

"That don't pin anything on me," Schultz said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"No, that doesn't," Cogan snapped, "but the knife we found in your room fits the wound under his right shoulder. That's what killed him—and he couldn't have done it himself."

"Somebody planted the knife," Schultz blustered.

"With your fingerprints on it?" Cogan asked sarcastically. He was hoping there were fingerprints, though he didn't know. But the bluff worked. Schultz wilted.

"It might be hard to prove premeditation," Cogan said, following up his advantage quickly. "If you want to cop a plea of second degree murder, start talking. They say the hot seat is uncomfortable in summer!"

Under the chief's prodding, Schultz talked. He had gone to Limey's room at Ben Seitz' request, he said, and Limey didn't want to let him in. When they started arguing the landlady told them to get out. They did, and the fight started as they headed along the street past the vacant lot. Schultz claimed that Limey pulled the knife, and that he took it away from him and stabbed him while they threshed about in the grass.

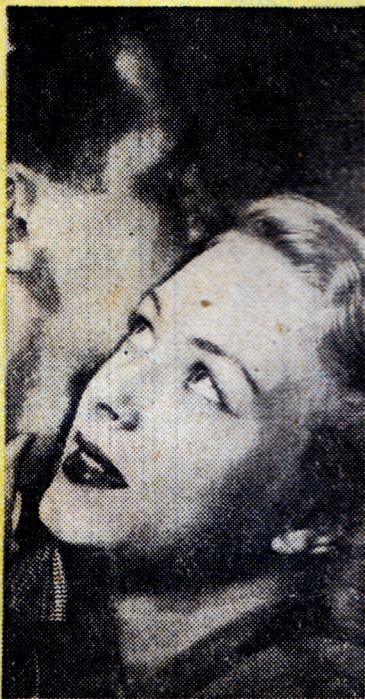
Since there were no witnesses, Schultz' story couldn't be contradicted. He was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter, and was sentenced to ten years in the State Penitentiary.

THE END

For
Externally
Caused

PIMPLES

Try This New Cream Free



We Make No Claims
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To Help Relieve Discomforts of ITCH and IRRITATION
YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR NO COST!

This is without doubt the strangest advertisement you ever read. No one ever dared to make this offer . . . no one, as far as we know, ever asked the public to use their product without risking a single cent. We are not going to give you a lot of hocus-pocus. We are not making a lot of wild statements. We want you to try TRI-SON-OL and find out for yourself just what it does. We want you to learn, through use, how easily and safely TRI-SON-OL helps relieve discomforts of "itch" and "irritation." We have faith in TRI-SON-OL . . . the acid test—is for you to use it. Only then do you get real proof of the help you are seeking to help relieve skin irritations that are externally caused. You must admit you have everything to gain and nothing to lose because TRI-SON-OL is harmless and safe. All we ask is that you send for TRI-SON-OL so you can be the judge at our risk.

Why You Should Try TRI-SON-OL

TRI-SON-OL products contain Ingredients recommended by leading dermatologists for their soothing bland effect on sensitive skin. TRI-SON-OL is a two-way formula. The skin cleanser is specially prepared to remove the accumulation of unwanted dust, dirt, and grime. These are gently and safely lifted off, revealing a more radiant, softer under-skin. Thus your skin has smoother surface. TRI-SON-OL skin cream applied after removing the cleanser often takes with it the accumulation of dead cells and lack lustre skin.



Our Guarantee

We guarantee you, and you alone are the sole judge, as to the value of TRI-SON-OL. Only if you are pleased do you pay us the introductory price of \$1.98. If dissatisfied, do not return anything . . . just ask for your money back and we will make full refund immediately with no questions asked.

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Send No Money!

We want everyone who suffers from discomforts due to externally caused pimples to use TRI-SON-OL without risking a single cent. All you have to do is sign your name and address to the coupon and drop it in the mail to us. We will send your TRI-SON-OL package (in plain wrapper) by return mail. Pay the postman only \$1.98, plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Use TRI-SON-OL 10 days and if you are not delighted, write and tell us so . . . return nothing . . . just write and we refund your money, including the postage charges. If you prefer to send \$2.00 now, you save the postage but enjoy the same money back guarantee.

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I accept your offer. Send TRI-SON-OL for me to try for 10 days. If I am not delighted I will write and ask for my money back, including the postage which you will refund at once.

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

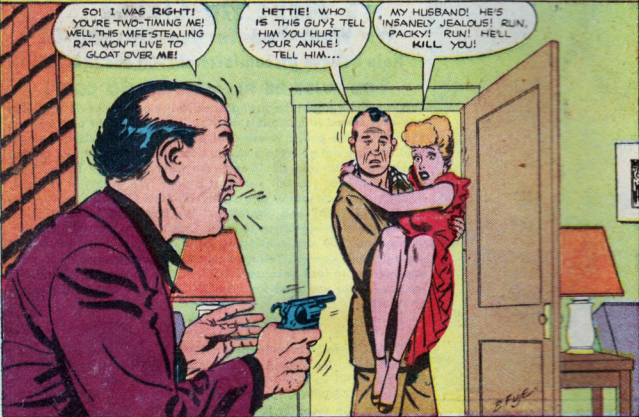


CHIP GARDNER, PRIVATE in THE RABBIT-PUNCH MURDER CASE

CASE NUMBER 239:

I enjoy a good fight—when it's on the level! But when the punches are thrown by ruthless gamblers, gamblers and fixers, then the spotlight is not on the ring but on the schmooes who call the shots from the sidelines. And when those shots are not right crosses but bullets—brother, just let me at 'em!

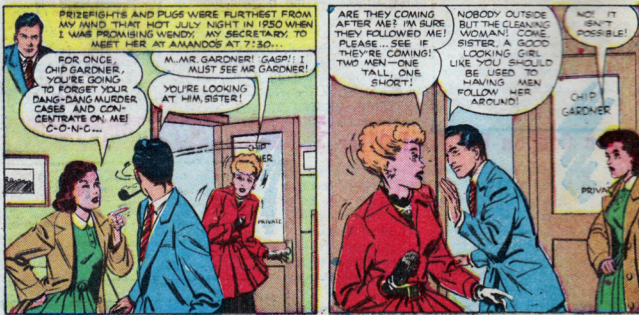
Chip Gardner



SO! I WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE TWO-TIMING ME! WELL, THIS WIFE-STEALING RAT WON'T LIVE TO GLOAT OVER ME!

HETTIE! WHO IS THIS GUY? TELL HIM YOU HURT YOUR ANKLE! TELL HIM...

MY HUSBAND! HE'S INSANELY JEALOUS! RUN, PACKY! RUN! HELL KILL YOU!



PRIZEFIGHTS AND PUGS WERE FURTHEST FROM MY MIND THAT HOT JULY NIGHT IN 1950 WHEN I WAS PROMISING WENDY, MY SECRETARY, TO MEET HER AT AMANDOS AT 7:30...

FOR ONCE, CHIP GARDNER, YOU'RE GOING TO FORGET YOUR DANG-DANG MURDER CASES AND CONCENTRATE ON ME! C-O-N-G...

M...MR. GARDNER! GASP!! I MUST SEE MR GARDNER!

YOU'RE LOOKING AT HIM, SISTER!

ARE THEY COMING AFTER ME? I'M SURE THEY FOLLOWED ME! PLEASE... SEE IF THEY'RE COMING! TWO MEN—ONE TALL, ONE SHORT!

NOBODY OUTSIDE BUT THE CLEANING WOMAN! COME, SISTER, A GOOD LOOKING GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULD BE USED TO HAVING MEN FOLLOW HER AROUND!

NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

CHIP GARDNER

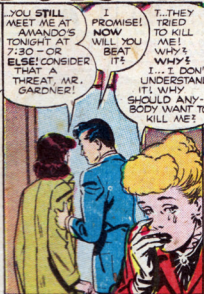
PRIVATE

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, WENDY!

CHIP GARDNER! FIRE, FLOOD, EARTHQUAKE, BLONDES IN DISTRESS—NOTHING WILL COME BETWEEN US TONIGHT! SHE'S ABOUT TO BE SWALLOWED ALIVE BY GIANT MOLES, IF SHE OFFERS YOU A MILLION BUCKS TO FIND HER FALSE EYELASHES!



...YOU STILL MEET ME AT AMANDO'S TONIGHT AT 7:30—OR ELSE! CONSIDER THAT A THREAT, MR. GARDNER!

I PROMISE! NOW WILL YOU BEAT IT?

T...THEY TRIED TO KILL ME! WHY? WHY?

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHY SHOULD ANYBODY WANT TO KILL ME?



AT LEAST, DON'T MAKE IT LATER THAN NINE! I THINK SHE IS IN A SPOT, CHIP!

THAT'S MY GIRL! OKAY! SEE YOU AT AMANDO'S AT NINE!



THE GIRL WAS GENUINELY TERRIFIED! AND SHE WASN'T THE SORT WHO TERRIFIES EASILY! IF HER MUSCLED GAMS COULD TALK, THEY'D PROBABLY SAY: "I'M A NIGHT CLUB DANCER... AND, KID, I KNOW THE SCORE..."

TAKE IT EASY, BABY! IF THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, I'LL DO IT! NOW WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

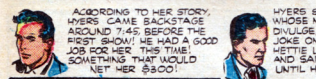
THEY WANT TO MURDER ME! MY NAME IS HETTIE WEST! I DANCE AT THE LOTUS CLUB! I DON'T KNOW HOW I EVER GOT INTO THIS! I... I GUESS I JUST COULDN'T TURN DOWN THE MONEY!



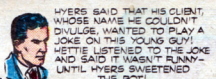
SEEMS SHE'D BEEN STAGE-STRUCK FOR YEARS! SHE HAD A BOOKING AGEN'T NAMED HYERS, WHO SO FAR HAD BOOKED HER ONLY TO GO OUT WITH VISITING FIREMEN AT FIFTY BUCKS A NIGHT!

NOTHING WRONG, YOU UNDERSTAND! JUST A PARTY GIRL! A COUPLE OF DANCES, A PECK ON THE CHEEK! THEN HYERS SENDS ME A CHECK AT THE END OF THE WEEK! A LOT OF MEN LIKE CHORUS GIRLS, YOU KNOW!

I'VE BEEN AWARE OF THE FACT FOR SOME TIME, MISS WEST! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES! WHAT HAPPENED?



ACCORDING TO HER STORY, HYERS CAME BACKSTAGE AROUND 7:45, BEFORE THE FIRST SHOW! HE HAD A GOOD JOB FOR HER THIS TIME! SOMETHING THAT WOULD NET HER \$300!



HYERS SAID THAT HIS CLIENT, WHOSE NAME HE COULDN'T DIVULGE, WANTED TO PLAY A JOKE ON THIS YOUNG GUY! HETTIE LISTENED TO THE JOKE AND SAID IT WASN'T FUNNY—UNTIL HYERS SWEETENED THE POT!



WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO—GO OUT WITH A LEPER?

NO! JUST BE NICE TO A HANDSOME YOUNG GUY! OF COURSE, I'M NOT SAYING THERE ISN'T A LITTLE ANGLE TO THIS JOB, OR ELSE IT WOULDN'T BE \$300, NO?



OKAY! I GOT A LEGIT PART IN A NEW DRAMA OPENING NEXT MONTH! DO THIS JOB FOR ME AN' THE PART'S YOURS!

IS THIS ANOTHER OF THOSE FAMOUS HYERS' DOUBLE-SHUFFLES?

I'M SWEARIN' TO HEAVEN!



SO I TOOK IT! HOW'D I KNOW I'D BE GETTING MIXED UP WITH MURDER? HOW'D I KNOW THAT THE 'YOUNG MAN' WAS PACK SANDERS, THE LIGHT-HEAVY-WEIGHT FIGHTER?

SANDERS? HE'LL SLUG HIS WAY INTO THE SPOTLIGHT NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT WHEN HE TAKES ON KID MARINO...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, IN ACTING OUT HER SCRIPT HETTIE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PACKY'S BLIND DATE, GET HIM TO LIKE HER, AND THEN IN THE MIST OF THAT RIPENING AFFECTION, CONTRACT A "BAD HEADACHE".

WHEN THEY ARRIVED HOME, HETTIE PRETENDED TO FEEL WORSE...

IT'S TEN O'CLOCK! TIME TO GO INTO THE ACT!

SURE, HETTIE... I'LL GET A CAB...

OH-H-H! I FEEL SICK! PACKY, TAKE ME HOME... PLEASE! (GULP!) IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT LAST ROLLER COASTER RIDE!

D...DON'T LET ME GO UPSTAIRS ALONE, PACKY! I...I DON'T THINK I CAN MAKE IT...

OKAY, HONEY! HERE, I'LL CARRY YOU UP!

WHEN THEY GOT UPSTAIRS, THE SCRIPT CALLED FOR HERS TO PRETEND TO BE HETTIE'S SEPARATED HUSBAND WHO WAS LYING IN WAIT FOR HER...

BUT PACKY RAN FROM NOBODY! NOT IN THE RING NOR OUT OF IT! SO HE PULLED HETTIE DOWN BEHIND A COUCH AS THE ENRAGED 'SPOUSE' FIRED...

BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO ARGUE! THE "HUSBAND" MADE A MAD DASH, FIRING WILDLY! HETTIE SCREAMED! SO PACKY PULLED THE TRIGGER OF A GUN FULL OF BLANK CARTRIDGES...

SO! I WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE TWO-TIMING ME! WELL, THIS WIFE-STEALING RAT WON'T LIVE TO GLOAT OVER ME!

HETTIE! WHO IS THIS GUY?

MY HUSBAND! HE'S INSANELY JEALOUS! RUN, PACKY, RUN! HE'LL KILL YOU!

HE'LL KILL US, PACKY! HERE! TAKE THIS GUN! IT'S IN SELF-DEFENSE!

I...I... KNOW, BUT...

N...NO! NO! IEEEE!

WHW...THE CRUMB SURE TAKES A MEAN FALL FOR HIS CLIENT! THAT DROP WOULD CONVINCE ANYBODY!

THEN HETTIE PLUNGED INTO THE LAST ACT OF HER SCRIPT...

WHEN WE GOT TO THE STREET, I HAILED A CAB, AND GAVE THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF A LAWYER - A GUY NAMED NOONAN, AT 7890 HENLEY STREET! I TOLD PACKY I'D JOIN HIM THERE IN HALF AN HOUR, AND BEFORE HE COULD STOP ME I DID A QUICK FADE AND SPENT THE NIGHT WITH A GIRL FRIEND! THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF HIM!

A NICE FRAME-UP BABY, BUT YOU LEFT OUT THE PART ABOUT SOMEBODY TRYING TO KILL YOU!

PACKY! HE'S DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! COME ON, WE'LL GO DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE! SOMEBODY MAY HAVE HEARD THE SHOTS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT "SOMEBODY" HAS TRIED TO KILL HETTIE THREE TIMES! IN THE MORNING BY DROPPING A HUNK OF CEMENT OFF A ROOF! IN THE AFTERNOON A FIRE PLUG PREVENTED A SPEEDING CAR FROM FOLLOWING HER ONTO THE SIDEWALK! IN THE EVENING CAME THE BULLETS...

OF COURSE, HETTIE COULDN'T GO TO THE POLICE—NOT AFTER HER LITTLE IMPERSONATION ACT! SO SHE SPOKE TO THE HEAD WAITER AT THE LOTUS CLUB WHO GAVE HER MY NAME!



TH...THEY'RE SHOOTING AT M...ME! THEY'RE...

WELL, SISTER, IF EVERYTHING YOU SAID IS TRUE, YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM! IN FACT, I'LL GIVE IT ALL MY TIME TILL 9 P.M.!

BUT WHAT IF THEY TRY TO KILL ME AGAIN?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE ANSWERED TO THAT FOR WHEN WE REACHED THE STREET I GOT AN ENTIRELY NEW PERSPECTIVE ON THE CASE!

THE RAT'S MOTOR WAS RUNNING, SO BY THE TIME I PULLED MY OWN GUN, HIS SEDAN WAS HALF-WAY UP THE BLOCK...

I'D NOTICE'D THAT WHEN THE PUNK PULLED HIS GUN, A PIECE OF PAPER FELL OUT OF HIS POCKET! I PICKED IT UP! IT WAS A BETTING SLIP...



QUICK! GET DOWN! THAT GUY IN THE CAR...



YOU SEE? I WAS TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! TWO MEN WERE TRAILING ME! THEY TRIED TO KILL BOTH OF US THIS-TIME!

... AND DARN NEAR SUCCEEDED!



550 on Blue Street, 5th floor at Santa Anita, on the road! movie

SISTER, WE'RE COLLECTING AN AUDIENCE! HAIL A CAB AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

TAXI! GOT IT, MR. GARDNER!



ARE WE GOING TO LOOK UP THAT 'MAXIE' WHO TOOK THE GUNMAN'S BET?

LATER! FIRST WE'LL GO BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT AND LOOK OVER THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! AFTER THAT WE'LL DROP IN ON YOUR FRIEND, HYERS! HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS MONKEY BUSINESS IS ALL ABOUT!



BUT WHEN WE REACHED THE GIRL'S APARTMENT...

STAY IN THE CAB, HETTIE! LOOKS LIKE HYERS HAS BOOKED HIS LAST PRACTICAL JOKE!



I KNEW THE COP AT THE DOOR AND HE EXPLAINED THAT ONE OF THE HOUSEMAIDS HAD FOUND A MAN NAMED HYERS SHOT TO DEATH IN THE APARTMENT OF A NIGHT CLUB DANCER!

SO THE GUN SHE PASSED PACKY WASN'T LOADED WITH BLANKS!

WE DON'T KNOW, MR. GARDNER, BUT THE ALARM'S OUT TO PICK HER UP! NAME'S HETTIE WEST!

WHERE'S THE GIRL NOW?

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IT WAS EVIDENT THAT HYERS HAD BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED BY HIS EMPLOYER, PROBABLY THE SAME GUY WHO HAD TRIED TO KNOCK OFF HETTIE! SO WE TAXIED OVER TO A WIRE ROOM RUN BY MY FRIEND LOUIE KUMKI! LOUIE KNEW EVERY BOOKMAKER IN TOWN...



THERE'S ONLY ONE MAXIE—MAXIE TROLL! BIG GUY, MAXIE! SERVICES THE FAST-BUCK CLIENTELE! YOU KNOW, THE TOUGH GUYS! WANT A HOT TIP ON A RACE?

THANKS, LOUIE... BUT I PREFER TO BURN MY MONEY!

AGAIN I LEFT HETTIE OUT IN THE TAXI AS I VISITED MAXIE TROLL'S BUCKET SHOP LOCATED BEHIND A CANDY STORE! I TOLD MAXIE I'D FOUND THE BETTING SLIP AND WANTED TO RETURN IT TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNER...



GOOD THING A COP DIDN'T PICK UP THAT SLIP! OKAY, HERE IT IS! "TONY VINGO, 42 AVENUE E!" ONE OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS!

I'LL LOOK HIM UP! BE SEEING YOU, MAXIE!

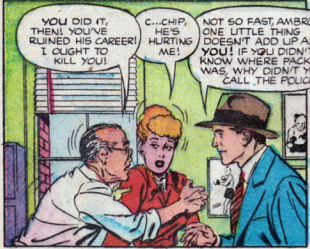
42 AVENUE E WAS A RUN-DOWN BOARDINGHOUSE, AND VINGO WASN'T HOME! SO INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME WE TAXIED OVER TO DAD AMBROSE'S OFFICE...



AMBROSE IS PACKY'S MANAGER! WITH THE BIG FIGHT COMING UP FRIDAY NIGHT, YOU'D THINK AMBROSE WOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT PACKY'S DISAPPEARANCE!

GOSH, MR. GARDNER, YOU SUSPECT EVERYBODY. DON'T YOU?

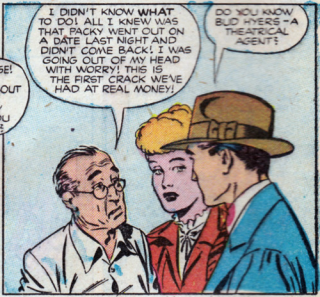
IF EMOTION MEANS INNOCENCE, THEN DAD AMBROSE WAS IN THE CLEAR, BECAUSE HE WENT PRACTICALLY BERSERK WHEN HETTIE TOLD HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED...



YOU DID IT, THEN! YOU'VE RUINED HIS CAREER! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU!

C...CHIP, HE'S HURTING ME!

NOT SO FAST AMBROSE! ONE LITTLE THING DOESN'T ADD UP ABOUT YOU! IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT PACKY WAS, WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL THE POLICE?



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! ALL I KNEW WAS THAT PACKY WENT OUT ON A DATE LAST NIGHT AND DIDN'T COME BACK! I WAS GOING OUT OF MY HEAD WITH WORRY! THIS IS THE FIRST CRACK WE'VE HAD AT REAL MONEY!

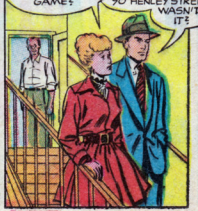
DO YOU KNOW BUD HYERS—A THEATRICAL AGENT?

AMBROSE NOT ONLY DIDN'T KNOW HYERS, HE DIDN'T KNOW TONY VINGO, OR MOONAN THE LAWYER, OR MAXIE TROLL! ALL AMBROSE KNEW WAS THAT HIS "BOY" FACED THE CHAIR FOR MURDER IF I COULDN'T "UN-FRAME" HIM!



I'LL WAIT HERE ALL NIGHT! YOU CALL ME THE SECOND YOU HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT THAT KID! AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—MAKE IT SOON!

CHIP, WOULDN'T YOU SAY THAT WHOEVER ARRANGED THIS TERRIBLE PLOT WANTED TO WRECK PACKY'S CAREER—GET HIM OUT OF THE FIGHT GAME?



I DON'T KNOW YET, HETTIE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND THAT LAWYER YOU SENT PACKY TO—NOONAN, AT 78-90 HENLEY STREET, WASN'T IT?

WHY, THIS ISN'T A LAWYER'S OFFICE! IT'S A MONUMENT WORKS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, CHIP?



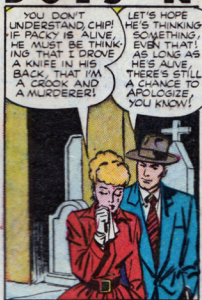
APPARENTLY THE KILLER HAS A MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR! IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD FOR PACKY! CHANCES ARE, SOMEBODY 'MET' HIM HERE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



YOU'VE GOT TO FIND PACKY, CHIP! IF PACKY'S DEAD OR IN DANGER, IT'S MY FAULT!

COME, BABY! DO I DETECT A NOTE OF SOMETHING MORE THAN PERSONAL ANXIETY?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CHIP! IF PACKY IS ALIVE, HE MUST BE THINKING THAT I DROVE A KNIFE IN HIS BACK, THAT I'M A CROOK AND A MURDERER!

LET'S HOPE HE'S THINKING SOMETHING, EVEN THAT! AS LONG AS HE'S ALIVE, THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO APOLOGIZE, YOU KNOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WE WERE BACK AT TONY VINGO'S BOARDINGHOUSE! AT THIS TIME THERE WAS A CRACK OF LIGHT UNDER THE DOOR...

HETTIE, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN TALK TO TONY WITHOUT HAVING TO FIGHT A GUN DUEL FIRST! KNOCK ON HIS DOOR AND TELL HIM WHO YOU ARE! LEAVE THE REST TO ME! GAME?

GAME? GIVE ME THE BETTING SLIP!



WHO'S THERE? (GASP) YOU! WHAT'RE YOU 'DOIN' HERE?

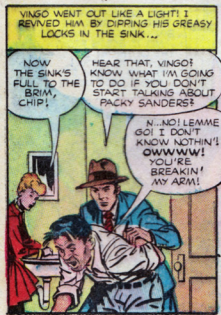
I CAME TO RETURN THE BETTING SLIP YOU DROPPED WHEN YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, VINGO — "BLUE STREAK" ON THE NOSE!



WHAM!



THERE! MAYBE THAT WILL PUT YOU IN A MORE RECEPTIVE MOOD!



VINGO WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT! I REVIVED HIM BY DIPPING HIS GREASY LOCKS IN THE SINK...

NOW THE SINK'S FULL TO THE BRIM, CHIP!

HEAR THAT, VINGO? KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IF YOU DON'T START TALKING ABOUT PACKY SANDERS?

N...NO! LEMME GO! I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'! OWWW! YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY ARM!



OKAY, TONY! THEN DON'T TALK! JUST DROWN!

DAN KREBS? THE DIRTIEST BLACK MARKETEEER AND MURDERER IN TOWN! COME ON, VINGO, YOU'RE TAKING US TO KREBS!

N...NO! NO! I'LL TALK! I WORK FOR KREBS! THAT'S WHERE PACKY IS! WITH KREBS!



YOU'RE A FOOL, SHAMUS! YOU CAN'T STEP ON KREBS' TOES! KREBS IS TOO BIG! IF YOU WERE REALLY SMART, YOU'D KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THIS MESS! YOU MIGHT EVEN COME OUT WITH A BANKROLL!

I'D RATHER SEE KREBS IN THE HOT SEAT AND YOU IN HIS LAP! GET GOING, PUNK! YOU WON'T NEED A NECK-TIE EXCEPT TO HANG YOUR-SELF WITH!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AN HOUR LATER, WE DROVE INTO KREBS' GOON-INFESTED ESTATE IN TONY'S SEDAN! WITH MY GUN AGAINST HIS NECK, TONY WAS VERY CAREFUL IN HIS CHOICE OF LANGUAGE...

INSTEAD OF OBEYING, THE LITTLE RAT REACHED DOWN SUDDENLY UNDER THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT...

GET DOWN, HETTIE! WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE HOUSE!

CRASH!

TONY! WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU COMIN' BACK FOR!

I GOTTA TALK TO KREBS! SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT CAME UP!

KREBS AIN'T HERE!

GET US IN ANYWAY! MAKE SOME EXCUSE!

GOT A GUN HIDDEN UNDER HERE, SHAMUS! I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!

YIII! THE ACCELERATOR! IT'S JAMMED!

THE WEASEL'S DEAD! THE ENGINE WAS DRIVEN RIGHT INTO HIS BACK! STAY DOWN, HETTIE! THERE'S MORE FIREWORKS COMING UP!

BUT HELP CAME FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER! A TALL, VIGOROUS YOUNG MAN APPEARED ON THE TERRACE, PUSHING A PUNK IN FRONT OF HIM WITH THE MUZZLE OF A GUN.

TELL 'EM TO THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS, OR YOU GET IT IN THE BACK!

OKAY, YOU WIN, FELLER! WE'RE DROPPING OUR RODS!

CHP! IT'S PACKY! HE'S GOT THE DROP ON THEM!

PACKY! CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? I...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING... (SOB) THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, PACKY? IS KREBS BEHIND THIS?

YES, KREBS WAS HERE THIS MORNING DISCUSSING MY BUM-OFF! THEY DECIDED TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE TONIGHT! KREBS IS IN TOWN NOW—AT HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT! BOY, I JUST WANT ONE CRACK AT HIM!

YOU'LL GET IT, PACKY! IS THERE SOME PLACE WE CAN PUT THESE MUGS WHILE WE DRIVE INTO TOWN?

YE! DOWNSTAIRS! THERE'S A STORAGE BIN WITHOUT WINDOWS! AND IT BOLTS FROM THE OUTSIDE! I OUGHT TO KNOW! THAT'S WHERE I SPENT LAST NIGHT!

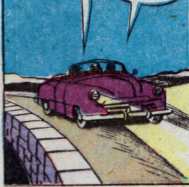
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO ME, CHIP! WHY SHOULD KREBS EMPLOY HYERS AND ME, THEN KILL HYERS— THEN TRY TO KILL ME?

YOU SEE, KREBS HAD HYERS KILLED TO FRAME PACKY! PACKY'S FINGER-PRINTS WERE ON THE GUN, SO KREBS FIGURED HE HAD PACKY WHERE HE WANTED HIM! THEN KREBS TRIED TO KILL YOU, TO ERASE THE TRUTH ABOUT PACKY'S KIDNAPPING!



BUT THAT ONLY BRINGS US TO THE MAIN PUZZLE! WHY DID KREBS FRAME PACKY? ANY THEORIES, PACKY? YOU SEEM TO KNOW KREBS' SET-UP PRETTY THOROUGHLY!



SEARCH ME, MR. GARDNER! ONLY KREBS CAN EXPLAIN THAT! HMM... WE'LL BE BACK IN TOWN IN A FEW MINUTES!

WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', MR. GARDNER? THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR TO KREBS' APARTMENT IS THIS WAY!

I JUST REALIZED THAT I'VE BEEN KEEPING A DATE WAITING AT AMANDOS FOR OVER THREE HOURS! IT'S ONLY A BLOCK AWAY! WAIT HERE FOR ME! I'LL BE BACK!



GREAT GIRL! SHE'S STILL THERE—SORE AS A BOIL, BUT STILL WAITING! COME ON, PACKY, LET'S GET THIS SURPRISE VISIT OVER WITH!

WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU, REMEMBER? THIS WAY! THE EXPRESS TO THE ROOF!



OKAY, HERE WE ARE! GET OUT YOUR ARTILLERY, PACKY! WE WON'T BE EXACTLY WELCOME!

MY ARTILLERY IS OUT, SHAMUS, AND AGAINST YOUR SPINE! SO DON'T GET HEROIC! THE CEMETERIES ARE FULL OF DEAD HEROES!

PACKY! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?



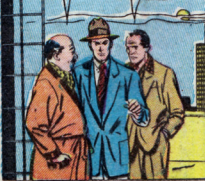
YOU STICKY-LITTLE CREEP! WHY DIDN'T YOU GET KILLED WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO?

NOW, NOW, PACKY, RESERVE THOSE RINCHES FOR THE RING! DON'T WASTE THEM ON MISS WEST! MY BOYS CAN TAKE CARE OF HER WITH PRACTICALLY NO EFFORT AT ALL! COME IN!



NICE LAYOUT, ISN'T IT, GARDNER! BUT THE VIEW ALONE IS WORTH THE PRICE OF THE APARTMENT! RORTY STORIES DOWN TO THE COURTYARD!

GARDNER WILL GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE CITY ON THE WAY DOWN, MR. KREBS! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, SHAMUS! KREBS FRAMED ME, ALL RIGHT! BUT I NEEDED IT! IT PUT BRAINS IN MY HEAD!



LET'S NOT BE OBSCURE, PACKY! A WEEK AGO I OFFERED PACKY AND DAD AMBROSE A FORTUNE TO THROW FIGHTS WHEN AND IF I CHOSE! BUT PACKY AND THE OLD FOOL WERE STUBBORN!

THE OLD CHUMP AMBROSE WANTED ME TO FIGHT CLEAN, TO GO FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! IT WASN'T TILL KREBS TIGHTENED THE SCREWS ON ME THAT I SEEN HE WAS TALKING FOR MY OWN GOOD!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ANYBODY WHO PULLED THE STRINGS ON PACKY COULD CLEAN UP ON FIXED FIGHTS FOR YEARS! SO I TRICKED HYERS INTO THINKING HE WAS ACTING OUT A PRACTICAL JOKE! BUT THE GUN THE JANE PASSED TO PACKY WAS REALLY LOADED! RESULT: PACKY EITHER DID WHAT I SAID—OR HE FACED A MURDER RAP!

ENOUGH TALK! YOU'RE GOING DOWN NOW, SHAMUS FOR THE LONG COUNT!

I SAW PACKY TIME HIS SWING—AND I DUCKED ALSO IN TIME!

PACKY MISSED BY A FOOT BUT I DIDN'T!

PACKY! LOOK OUT! THE LEDGE!

CLEVER, GARDNER! BUT NOW YOU'LL FOLLOW HIM—AT THE POINT OF A GUN!

SPEAKING OF GUNS, KREBS—THERE'S A HALF DOZEN POINTED YOUR WAY!

G. COPS! W. WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

WE GOT HERE AS SOON AS WE COULD AFTER YOU PHONED, MR. GARDNER! THE STATE PATROL BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY NOW TO KREBS' COUNTRY PLACE!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, GUMSHOE! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME PACKY SANDERS HAS EVER KNocked OFF HIS FEET!

IT'S LUCKY I PLAYED MY HUNCH THAT PACKY WAS ACTING TOO FREE AND EASY WITH YOUR GUMMEN AND YOUR HOUSE, KREBS, TO BE ON THE LEVEL...OR I'D BE LYING THERE TOES UP! AND YOU, TOO, HETTIE!

AN HOUR LATER, I BROKE THE NEWS TO DAD AMBROSE!

PACKY WAS A GREAT PROSPECT, BUT BETTER DEAD THAN CROOKED, I SAY! BY THE WAY, GARDNER—I HEARD WHAT YOU DID TO PACKY! ANYBODY WHO COULD BEAT PACKY SANDERS TO A PUNCH HAS A FUTURE! WANT A MANAGER?

NOPE! I JUST WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, DAD! THE RING COULD USE MORE OF YOUR KIND!

I GOT TO AMANDO'S AFTER TWO A.M. I THOUGHT WENDY WOULD KILL ME, BUT WHEN SHE HEARD ABOUT POOR HETTIE AND WHAT HAPPENED, THERE WAS NO PUNCHING IN THE QUINCHES!

I FEEL SORRY FOR HETTIE, POOR THING!

SO DO I! THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT I'D TAKE HER OUT TO DINNER AND THE FIGHTS FRIDAY NIGHT! DAD'S IMPORTING A NEW BOY FROM THE COAST! I KNOW HOW YOU DISLIKE FIGHTS, WENDY, SO I FIGURED...

FIGURE DAY, FIGURE NIGHT, IT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU CAN'T FIGURE WOMEN!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

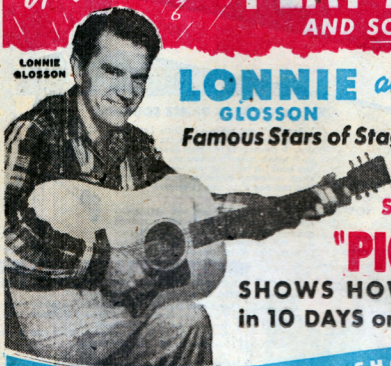
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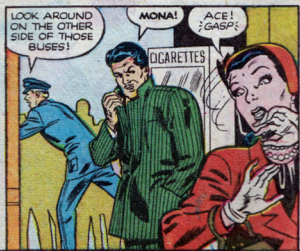
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HIGH EXCITEMENT, TENSE DRAMA AND THE CONFLICT OF GOOD AND EVIL COME TO THE APPLE ORCHARDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST!

THE FRUITS OF CRIME



IT WAS AN APPLE FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE WHICH EVE GAVE TO ADAM, THE TASTE OF WHICH DROVE THEM OUT OF PARADISE! BUT THE GOLDEN FRUITS WHICH ACE RENARD LAID AT THE FEET OF FOOLISH WOMEN DID NOT GROW ON TREES, BUT IN THE FORBIDDEN ORCHARDS OF THE UNDERWORLD! THEY WERE PLUCKED FROM THE TREE OF STUPIDITY, AND THE TASTE OF THESE FRUITS OF CRIME WAS BITTER INDEED!



IN THE BUS TERMINAL OF ONE OF AMERICA'S LARGE NORTHWESTERN CITIES...

THIS WAY! THIS WAY, APPLE PICKERS! LOADING UP HERE! GET A MOVE ON!

DID YOU SEE RENARD?

NOT YET! KEEP LOOKING! OUR TIP WAS A STRAIGHT ONE! RENARD'S GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

LOOK AROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE BUSES!

MONA!

ACE! ;GASP;

CIGARETTES

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE POLICE ARE ALL OVER THE TERMINAL LOOKING FOR YOU! OH, DARLING... SOB! THEY'LL KILL YOU!

IF THEY GET ME! I START WALKING WITH ME PAST THOSE MIGRATORY WORKERS, MONA! MIX WITH THEM!

I'LL OPEN MY COLLAR! GOTTA LOOK LIKE A WORKER, MYSELF! YOU GOT THE STUFF?

IN MY BAG! WAS IT WORTH IT, ACE? TO KILL AN OLD MAN AND WOUND A POLICE-MAN? TO FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IF THEY CATCH YOU?

HAVING A GOOD TIME, AREN'T THEY? THAT TOMATO DANCING! UMM... SHE'S GOT IT, CRUDE, UNTRAINED, BUT SHE'S GOT IT!

YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE, ACE! YOU'D NOTICE A DAME ON YOUR WAY TO THE HOT SEAT!

ACE! COPS! GASP! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!

DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! KEEP WALKING INTO THE OKIES! THEY WON'T CHANCE A SHOT WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND!

LADIES DON'T DANCE ALONE, BABY!

WHO'S A LADY?

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT! GIVE OUT, BABY!

DID YOU SEE HIM? HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!

HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR! COME ON!

I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO PICK APPLES, HANDSOME! WE COULD DO A LOT OF DANCING TOGETHER!

VERY TEMPTING, BUT NO, MY BUSINESS KEEPS ME IN TOWN! FASTER!

YOUR HAT GETS IN MY WAY! OFF WITH IT! LET'S HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT YOU, DREAMBOAT!

NO! H..HEY!

LOOK! THERE HE IS!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR THIS DAME GETS IT!

DON'T BE A FOOL, RENARD! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

THE HECK I CAN'T! MOVE AND I'LL KILL HER, I SWEAR IT!

GASP! ACE IS USING ME AS A SHIELD!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LISTEN, KID, THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK! GO ALONG WITH THE APPLE PICKERS! I'LL JOIN YOU AS SOON AS I CAN! NOW I'M GOING TO RUN FOR IT!

HE... HE DIDN'T CARE IF THEY SHOT AT ME! HE ONLY THOUGHT OF HIMSELF...

AFTER HIM! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

HE ALWAYS THINKS ONLY OF HIMSELF! EVERYBODY—EVEN I—IS JUST A TOOL! HE USES US TO GET WHAT HE WANTS, AND WHEN HE'S THROUGH WANTING IT, YOU'RE THROUGH, TOO!

HE KNOWS YOU! I SAW HIM SPEAK TO YOU!

HE GRABBED YOU TO TALK TO YOU! I WAS CLOSE ENOUGH! I SAW IT! WHO IS HE? DOES HE LOVE YOU?

YOU'RE CRAZY! LET ME GO!

DOES HE LOVE YOU? ANSWER ME, OR I'LL CALL THE COPS!

WE'LL CALL THEM! YOU'LL MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF! LITTLE WHEELS MUST BE GOING ROUND IN YOUR HEAD! MAYBE YOU'VE PICKED TOO MANY APPLES...

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! HE KNOWS YOU! YOU KNOW HIM! YOU'RE MORE THAN FRIENDS! I CAN TELL! WAIT...

CRAZY LITTLE FOOL! DANCES ONE DANCE WITH SNAKE HIPS RENARD AND GETS JEALOUS DOWN TO HER TEN CENT LAQUERED TOE NAILS! WOMEN ARE SUCH IDIOTS!

SISTER, I CAN USE A HUNDRED OF 'EM! STEP RIGHT UP! FREE TRANSPORTATION TO THE ORCHARDS!

CAN YOU USE ANOTHER APPLE PICKER?

SHE'S FOLLOWING ME!

YEAH, BY ME! SIT DOWN, SISTER! YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN' ANYBODY! YOU'RE IN WITH THAT CROOK! IN DEEP! THE COPS DON'T SURROUND NO BUS TERMINAL FOR SMALL FRY! SIT QUIET—OR I'LL YELL MY HEAD OFF!

THIS SEAT'S TAKEN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SISTER? YOU NEVER DANCED WITH A MAN BEFORE? YOU GO OFF INTO A CLOUD BANK AND DREAM DAY DREAMS? YOU OWN ANY MAN WHO DOES A LINDY WITH YOU? WAKE UP! YOU'RE JUST AN IGNORANT LITTLE APPLE PICKER!

WHATEVER I DON'T KNOW, I FEEL! I SAW YOU WITH HIM! I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT HIM WHEN HE GRABBED YOU! YOU KNEW HIM! YOU LOVE HIM! YOU DID A JOB TOGETHER! LET'S SEE YOUR BAG!

THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT BAG—AND IF THERE WAS, I WOULDN'T SHOW YOU! NOW LAY OFF, UNDERSTAND? LAY OFF WITH YOUR CRAZY IDEAS, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU EVER LAID EYES ON ME!

OOOWWW! GASP! OKAY! L-LET ME GO! MY WRIST!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KILL YOU!

OKAY! YOU TOLD ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW! BIG SHOT, AREN'T YOU, WITH YOUR SMART SUIT AND BIG-TOWN HAIR-DO AND SILK BLOUSE I COULDN'T BUY WITH MY WHOLE BANK ACCOUNT! BUT IT WON'T HELP, SISTER! I'VE GOT MORE THAN SILK BLOUSES! I'LL WIN OUT!

AND AS THE CARAVAN LURCHED ITS WAY THROUGH THE VERDANT VALLEYS AND COOL MOUNTAIN PASSES OF THE NORTHWEST...

WHATEVER THAT NASTY TOMATO LACKS IN KNOWLEDGE, SHE MAKES UP IN INTUITION! I SWEAR SHE ALMOST LOOKED THROUGH ME AND THROUGH MY PURSE, AS IF SHE SAW THE JEWELS THERE. BIG AS LIFE!

AND HOURS LATER WHEN THE CARAVAN REACHED AN IMMENSE ENCAMPMENT FOR MIGRATORY WORKERS...

HE'S NOT ONE OF THOSE STUPID HOOLIGANS THAT GETS SHOT WITH A GUN IN THEIR HANDS! HE'S SLICK AND HARD AND SMART! HE'S BEEN PLACES! WHY DOES SHE RATE A GUY LIKE THAT? COLD AS ICE! SKINNY! SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM AS I DO!

WOMEN TO THE RIGHT! MEN TO THE LEFT! WOMEN TO THE RIGHT...

HOW SHE CLUTCHES THAT PURSE! CAN'T BE ON ACCOUNT OF THE LIPSTICK SHE'S GOT THERE! IT MUST BE SOMETHING BIG—LIKE ICE! LOTS OF ICE! AND SHE CAN'T RUN AWAY WITH IT! I HEARD HIM SAY HE'D COME HERE...

WELL! WELL! WHAT DO YOU KNOW! WE'RE BUNK MATES! AIN'T THAT DUCKY? BET YOUR LIL OLE HEART IS JUMPING FOR JOY!

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP! I'D PREFER NESTING WITH A RATTLER! THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER BUNK, SISTER!

WELL? NO LUCK? SO YOU'LL HAVE TO NEST WITH A RATTLER AFTER ALL!

THAT'S RIGHT! ALL THE OTHER BUNKS ARE GONE! BUT GET THIS STRAIGHT! BOY, DO I TALK TO ME, POKE AROUND MY THINGS, AND I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT! JUST PICK YOUR APPLES AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

THINK I'M JUST TRASH, DON'T YOU? ONLY GOOD FOR WAITING ON TABLES, SERVING BEER, PICKING APPLES OR SORTING COFFEE BEANS! WELL, YOU GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

YOU RESENT ME, DON'T YOU? RESENT MY CLOTHES, THE WAY I WALK, THE WAY I TALK! RESENT THAT I'M NOT CHEAP JUNK LIKE YOURSELF? THAT'S WHAT'S EATING YOU, ISN'T IT?

I'LL MAKE A PREDICTION! IF YOUR GUY COMES HERE, HE'LL LEAVE WITH ME! YOU'RE THROUGH! YOU CAN KISS HIM AND THE BIG TIME AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS GOOD-BY!

A DEVIL MUST BE SPEAKING WITH HER TONGUE! SHE MUST SENSE THE SPLIT BETWEEN ACE AND ME! SOMEHOW SHE REALIZES THAT I HAVE NO STOMACH FOR HIS WORK ANY MORE! THE LITTLE FOOL! SHE'S PLAYING WITH FIRE! SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHEN SHE'S WELL OFF!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE ORCHARDS...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FLOSSIE? CAN'T YOU TAKE IT? TOO MUCH SOFT LIVING, EH? GETTING UP LATE IN THE MORNING, NO FRESH AIR, NO MUSCLES! YOU'RE NO BARGAIN! A HE-MAN WOULDN'T LOOK TWICE AT YOU!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH! NOBODY ASKED YOU!

I HOPE ACE COMES SOON! I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS!



BUT AS THE DAYS PASS...

PICK! PICK! YOU WOULDN'T HATE IT SO MUCH IF THOSE WERE RUBIES INSTEAD OF WINESAPS, EH?

CONKING OUT AGAIN? NOT SO YOUNG ANY MORE! BETTER NOT LET HANDSOME KNOW!



PTTT!

ANY DAY NOW, FLOSSIE, HE'LL COME ALONG AND THEN LEAVE YOU FLAT! WHAT MAN WOULDN'T PREFER A TWELVE CYLINDER JOB TO A MODEL? HAVE AN APPLE! HA! HA!



THEN ONE MORNING...

I... I CAN'T PICK ANY MORE TODAY! GULP! SUN'S GOT ME!

OKAY, SISTER! TAKE OFF TILL NOON!

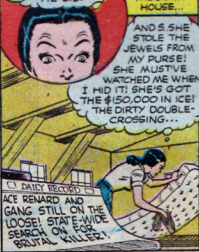
SURE, GO HOME AND RELAX, FLOSSIE! YOU'LL FIND A NEWSPAPER ON MY BED! LOTS OF INTERESTING STUFF IN IT! ALL ABOUT ACE!



ACE? GASP! SHE KNOWS HIS NAME! SHE KNOWS WHAT HE DID!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN THE BUNK-HOUSE...

AND SHE STOLE THE JEWELS FROM MY PURSE! SHE MUST'VE WATCHED ME WHEN I HID IT! SHE'S GOT THE \$150,000 IN ICE! THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING...



DAILY RECORD
ACE RENARD AND GANG STILL ON THE LOOSE! STATE-WIDE SEARCH ON FOR KILLER! BRUTAL!

MONA! SHE'S BACK SHE... MUST'VE LOOKED TO SEE IF THE ICE WAS THERE!

HERE! I'M KNOCKIN' OFF FOR A WHILE!



WAIT! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, ROSE! COME BACK!

SHE MUST HAVE IT ON HER, THE DIRTY THIEVING...

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET!!! YI!!!

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES! GIVE ME THAT ICE!

MR. ROGERS! LOOK! TWO DAMES FIGHTIN'!

STAY HERE! I'LL HANDLE IT!



ALL RIGHT! BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!

SHE'S A THIEF! SHE'S IN WITH THE ACE RENARD GANG! THEY PULLED A JEWEL ROBBERY! SHE'S CARRYING THE LOOT! \$150,000 IN ICE! LOOK, I FOUND IT IN HER BAG UNDER THE MATTRESS!

GIVE IT TO ME! IT'S MINE!



IS THAT TRUE? ARE YOU WITH THE RENARD GANG?

NO! SHE'S CRAZY! THE JEWELS ARE MINE!

SHE'S A CROOK, I TELL YOU! WHY WOULD A DAME WITH JEWELS LIKE THAT GO APPLE PICKING? SHE'S HIDING OUT! SHE HOLDS THE ICE TILL THE MOB COMES FOR IT! BETTER CALL THE POLICE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ALL RIGHT! I'M SICK OF IT! GET THE POLICE! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE JOB! DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE PULLED! THEY JUST DUMPED THE STUFF ON ME AND RAN! BUT I'M NOT MAKING EXCUSES! GET THE POLICE! I'LL BE GLAD IT'S OVER!

THEN YOU CALL THEM, MISS! YOU SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THE SCORE IS...

NICE GUY! PASSES UP A FAT REWARD BECAUSE A DAME DOES AN "I SURRENDER" ACT!

ROSE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN GET ALL MIXED UP, AND RATHER BE DEAD THAN HAVE ALL THE DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD! ALL I WANT NOW IS PEACE OF MIND!

I UNDERSTAND, MISS! LOOK, IF YOU NEED ANY HELP OR ADVICE, THE NAME'S ROGERS, DAN ROGERS! I'M WITH A CONSTRUCTION CREW DOING A JOB DOWN IN THE VALLEY...

REMEMBER THE NAME— DAN ROGERS!

LISTEN, ROSE, IT'S TIME WE LEVELBO WITH ONE ANOTHER! YOU THINK ACE RENARD MEANS GLAMOR, EXCITEMENT, BIG TIME! TAKE A LESSON FROM ME! I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE, BURNING UP FOR CHANGE, TO GO PLACES, TO GET A MINK ON MY SHOULDER...

AND YOU GOT IT— WITH ACE!



I GOT WHAT? DRINKS CLOTHES, A COUPLE OF HOT RINGS! LOOK AT THE JAM I'M IN! A CARRIER OF STOLEN JEWELS! IT'S PRISON IF I'M CAUGHT! ACE ISN'T FOR YOU, ROSE! HE ISN'T FOR ANY WOMAN! HE'LL DESTROY YOU!

I'M WISE TO YOU, FLOSSIE! YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT ACE! YOU'D DIE IF HE WENT FOR ANOTHER GAL!

BUT YOU'RE WRONG, ROSE! YOU SAW WHAT HE DID AT THE TERMINAL! HOW HE USED ME AS A SHIELD AGAINST THE POLICE! I HATE HIM! I'VE HATED HIM FOR A LONG TIME, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK AWAY!

YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME IN YOUR PLACE! WHY, I CAN GET HIM BY CROOKING MY LITTLE FINGER, AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'RE THROUGH, SISTER, THROUGH!

THAT NIGHT, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP...

HOW YOU GOIN' TO FIND MONA IN A CROWD LIKE THIS?

SEE THAT TOMATO DOING THE LINDY? I DANCED WITH HER AT THE BUS TERMINAL! SHE MUST KNOW EVERYBODY IN CAMP, AND SHE LIKES ME! I COULD TELL THAT FROM ONE DANCE! WAIT HERE!

THE CONCEIT OF THE GUY! FIVE DANCE STEPS, AN' THE JANE FALLS FOR HIM!



H...HEY! ACE! GASP!

I SEE SOMEBODY'S BEEN TALKING!

WHO TOLD YOU MY NAME? SPILL IT!

I READ IT IN THE PAPERS! BUT I WOULDN'T SNITCH ON YOU, ACE! I'D DIE FIRST!

MONA ISN'T FOR YOU, ACE! SHE HATES YOU— SHE HATES YOUR RACKET!

BUT ME, ACE! I WANT EVERYTHING SHE HATES! EXCITEMENT, DANGER...

STICK AROUND, SUGAR! YOU MIGHT GET MORE OF IT THAN YOU CAN TAKE! WHERE'S MONA?

YEAH?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE BUNKHOUSE...

ACE!
Y...YOU
GOT
AWAY!

DON'T I ALWAYS! HOPPED A SLOW
FREIGHT WITH MARTY AND DINK!
WHERE'S THE ICE?

UNDER THE MATTRESS! BUT
ACE I DON'T WANT ANY PART
OF IT! I'M THROUGH! I'M
SCARED STIFF!

NOTHING TO BE SCARED ABOUT! WE
GOT FOOLED GOOD! WE SNATCHED
FAKE ICE! THE OLD GEEZER KEPT
THE REAL MCCOY IN A VAULT AT
THE BANK!

(GASP!)
FAKE
JEWELRY!

WE'RE BROKE, ME AND
THE BOYS! YOU'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING FAST!
I WASN'T BUILT TO RIDE
THE RAILS--NOT LIKE THAT
RIFF RAFF OUT THERE! BY
THE WAY, THEY GET PAID
TOMORROW, DON'T THEY?

SURE,
TOMORROW'S
SATURD...
(GASP)
ACE!

A MOB LIKE
THIS EARNS
PEANUTS APIECE,
BUT TOGETHER
THEY MAKE A NICE
TIDY PILE! YES, MONA,
THIS SHOULD BE A
CINCH! AND IF SOME-
BODY OPENS HER FAT
MOUTH, A 3B SLUG
WILL CLOSE IT, GET
ME?

ACE! DID
YOU SEE
MONA!

YES! COME
HERE! I WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU
ALONE!

HE'S GOING TO
TRY A PAY
ROLL STICK-
UP! RIGHT
HERE...

YOU SAID YOU WANTED
A NEW KIND OF LIFE, MY
KIND OF LIFE! OKAY! I'M
TAKING YOU IN, BABY, AND
HERE'S MY FIRST GIFT TO
YOU--\$150,000 WORTH
OF ICE! IT'S ALL YOURS!
YOURS ALONE! PUT
IT ON!

ACE...;
(GASP)
ALL THAT...
FOR
ME?

IT'S JUST A BEGINNING!
WAIT TILL WE GET ROLL-
ING! FURS, HOTEL SUITES,
MONTE CARLO, CUBA,
THE WORKS! ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS TAKE
ORDERS!

OH,
ACE!
ACE, I'M
SO
HAPPY!

YOU'LL BE HAPPIER STILL TO
HELP US NAIL THIS BUNCH OF OKIES
FOR FIFTY GRAND! HEY, DINK,
MARTY, COME OVER HERE
AND MEET ROSE!

F...FIFTY
GRAND!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ON
FASTER THAN THAT, SUGAR!
STICK-UP! PAYROLL! STICK-
UP!

HEY,
ACE!
SHE'S
WEARIN'
THE ICE!
THE FA...
OWWWW!

SURE, SHE'S WEARING THE
ICE! NOTHING'S TOO GOOD
FOR MY GIRL! NOW SPILL
IT, BABY! YOU'VE DONE
APPLE PICKING AROUND
HERE BEFORE! HOW,
WHEN, WHERE DO
THESE SHNOOKS GET
PAID OFF?

T...TOMORROW AT
NOON! YOU SEE, THE
SHERIFF IN WAKUTO
VALLEY, HE...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

FIVE HOURS LATER...



NOW RE-MEMBER, BABY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO? YOU WON'T LET ME DOWN!

NEVER, ACE! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!

THE LITTLE FOOL! HE'S ROPED HER IN LIKE HE ROPED ME IN AND ALL THE OTHER GULLIBLE GIRLS BEFORE ME! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HER!



ROSE! YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT ACE HAS TOLD YOU! BUT WHATEVER IT IS, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S A LIAR! HE CAN'T LOVE ANYBODY! HE ONLY LOVES HIMSELF! YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN YOUR LIFE!

WHEN DID YOU WISE UP? WHEN I TOOK HIM AWAY FROM YOU! FORGET IT, SISTER! YOU'VE GOT A BAD CASE OF SOUR GRAPES!



NO, ROSE! NO! I WAS GOING TO LEAVE ACE A LONG TIME AGO! BUT HE THREATENED ME! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! I'M WARNING YOU! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! YOU. OOHhhh!

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE! I'LL DO WHAT I PLEASE! AND I'M GOING TO GET EVERYTHING I'VE EVER WANTED IN MY LIFE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STOP ME! NO-BODY IS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT 11 A.M...



I'VE GOT A CAR, ACE—FULL TANK, ALL READY FOR THE GETAWAY!

GOOD! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO BABY? START THE FIRE AND MEET ME OVER AT THE CANNERY—AT 12:10!

ALL RIGHT, ACE! BE CAREFUL, THOUGH! I TRY NOT TO TROT ANYBODY!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...



THE BABES ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! THERE GOES THE FIRE! THIS ORCHARD SHOULD BURN FAST! THERE'S A GOOD WIND BLOWING THIS WAY!

I TOLD YOU I COULD PICK 'EM! OKAY! LET THE SUCKERS WASTE THEIR TIME PUTTING THE FLAMES OUT WHILE WE GO FOR THE PAYROLL! NOBODY'LL BOTHER WITH THE PAYMASTER TILL THE ORCHARDS ARE SAVED! C'WON!

GRAB A SHOVEL, QUICK! THE ORCHARDS ARE ON FIRE!

AT 11:55 A.M...



HEY, THERE! HELLO! THIS IS SOME BLAZE! WE DROVE OVER TO SEE IF WE COULD HELP!

ROSE! RUNNING TOWARD THE CANNERY! THAT'S WHERE THE PAYMASTER IS!

MR. ROGERS! BELIEVE ME! I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW... BUT IT'S ONLY A TRICK! IT'S ACE RENOARD! HE STARTED THIS FIRE TO PULL EVERYBODY AWAY FROM THE CANNERY WHILE HE HOLDS UP THE PAYROLL GUARDS!



RUN, ACE! WE GOT IT! OVER FIFTY GRAND!

OKAY! DRIVE TO THE CANNERY DOOR! THAT'S WHERE WE PICK THE BABE UP!

BUT AS THE GETAWAY CAR APPROACHES...



ACE! IT'S MONA! SHE BROUGHT SOME BODY!

THEY'LL BOTH REGRET IT! DINK! MOW 'EM DOWN!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MONA! THEY DID HOLD UP THE PAYMASTER! GIVE ME THAT AUTOMATIC YOU SAID YOU HAD!

BANG! BANG!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT'S EITHER THEM OR US!

EEEE!!!

THE WHEEL! IT'S SPINNING! IT'S GOING TO... YEEOWW!

BANG! BANG!



DEAD! BOTH OF THEM! LOOK OUT MONA-DOWN!

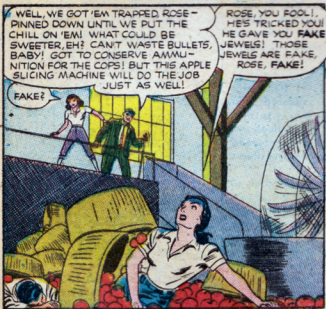
THEY'RE GOING INTO THE CANNERY! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!



OH!! M...MY SHOULDER! :GROAN!!

LOOK OUT, DAN! BEHIND YOU!

WE GOT 'EM, ROSE! NOW WE'LL FINISH 'EM OFF!



WELL, WE GOT 'EM TRAPPED, ROSE-PINNED DOWN UNTIL WE PUT THE CHILL ON 'EM! WHAT COULD BE SWEETER, EH? CAN'T WASTE BULLETS, BABY! GOT TO CONSERVE AMMUNITION FOR THE COPS! BUT THIS APPLE SLICING MACHINE WILL DO THE JOB JUST AS WELL!

FAKE?

ROSE, YOU FOOL! HE'S TRICKED YOU! HE GAVE YOU FAKE JEWELS! THOSE JEWELS ARE FAKE, ROSE, FAKE!

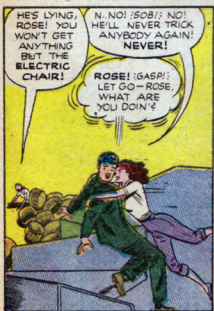


BITE THEM, ROSE! BITE THEM! SEE IF THEY'RE NOT PASTE!

:GASP!: THEY ARE PASTE! YOU LIED TO ME, ACE!

YOU FOOLED ME! YOU GAVE ME FAKE JEWELS!

SO WHAT? IT WAS JUST A GAG! WITH THAT 50 GRAND, I'LL BUY YOU PLENTY OF THE REAL STUFF! OKAY, I GOT THE CONVEYOR BELT CLEARED!



HE'S LYING, ROSE! YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING BUT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

N. NO! :SOB!: NO! HE'LL NEVER TRICK ANYBODY AGAIN! NEVER!

ROSE! :GASP!: LET GO-ROSE, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?



YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME! BUT YOU LIED! :SOB!!

ROSE! NO! WE'RE SLIPPING! THE KNIVES-WE'LL BE CUT TO P. PIECES! EeAAAAA!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THEM! THERE ARE THE FRUITS OF CRIME FOR YOU! IT NEVER PAYS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE NOW, DAN?

NO, THERE'D BE NO POINT TO THAT! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, MONA! MY NEXT JOB'S IN AUSTRALIA! A BRIDGE! THEY SAY IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN SYDNEY THIS TIME OF THE YEAR! THE FRUIT TREES ARE ALL IN BLOSSOM... ORANGE BLOSSOMS! IT'S A GREAT PLACE FOR NEWLYWEDS...

THE END

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STAMP PAGE
by *SIDNEY M. ELIAS*

Floating Safes

ONE of the most interesting types of stamps ever to be placed on sale were released by the Netherlands (Holland) in 1921. These were called marine insurance stamps and were issued for the purpose of safeguarding mail on the high seas.

Prior to 1921, letters or parcels sent by registered mail from the Netherlands abroad, did not insure the mail against loss if the ship met with a disaster. To meet the need of protection against such losses, a special device was invented and special insurance stamps issued for it.

The device consisted of a large ball shaped buoy in which was constructed an insulated and waterproof safe. It was so constructed that it would float upright if thrown into the sea and would ignite slow burning flares attached to it.

These safes were placed on all ships whether freight or passenger and a special crewman put on duty to be ready to set it free if the ship met disaster. The safes were placed on the upper decks of the forward part of the ships so that they could easily be cut loose and thrown overboard.

This service was later abandoned because of the high cost of the insurance. People soon discovered that sea losses were very small in comparison to the volume of mail carried and they did not consider the extra insurance necessary.

The seven stamps of the marine insurance set had three designs depending on the different values. The first design depicted a floating safe in mid-ocean surrounded by sea gulls. This design was used on the first three values. The second design showed a floating safe with its flares lit, and was used on the next two values. The third design was an artist's fantasy of a floating safe and was placed on the two highest values of the set.

The same designs were used on the seven marine insurance stamps of the Dutch East Indies.

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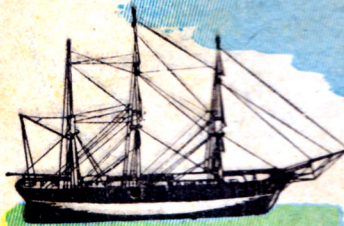
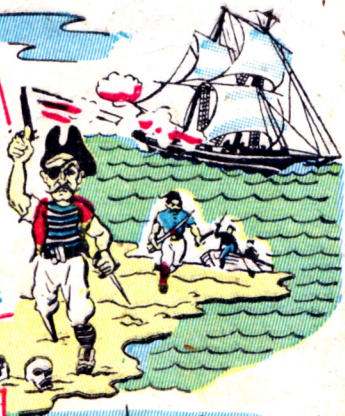
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When you build these

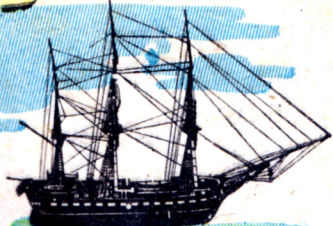
EXCITING SHIP MODELS

PARTS CUT TO SHAPE—READY TO ASSEMBLE



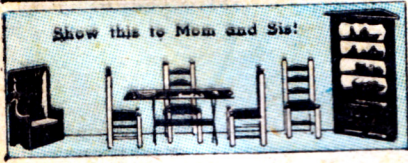
THE FLYING CLOUD — Most famous of American Clipper Ships built by Donald McKay in 1851 — sailed from New York to San Francisco in 89 days. Later carried lumber out of Canadian ports for British owners. **COMPLETE KIT \$4.50**
 Model is 16" long

Ahey, me Hearties! Here are the ship models you've been dreaming about — beautifully detailed right down to the "gunn'ls". Whether you're a 19th Century Navy Captain, a Jolly Whaler or a Swashbuckling Pirate you'll enjoy building one of these historic sailing ships. Each one is a masterpiece yet easy to build using our simplified construction kits. — And, best of all, you can do as hundreds of others have done — **SELL** the finished model at a **BIG PROFIT** (many of our friends sell them for \$25.) Get started on this profitable hobby now and may you have clear sailing ahead.



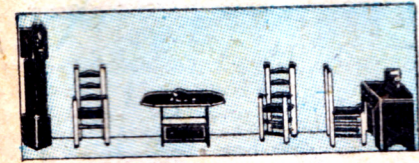
THE CONSTELLATION — A fine old fighting frigate which put to sea in 1798 and fought with great distinction in the War of 1812 — one of the last "sailing" men-of-war built for the U. S. Navy and veteran of many battles. **COMPLETE KIT \$4.50**
 Model about 16" long

Authentic Colonial Furniture in miniature AMERICA'S LATEST HOBBY



Show this to Mom and Sis!

DINING ROOM — Parts all cut to exact shape. Genuine mahogany plywood — complete instructions — no tools necessary. Consists of
SAWBUCK TABLE 4 SIDE CHAIRS
CUPBOARD SETTLE
COMPLETE CONSTRUCTION KIT \$3.00



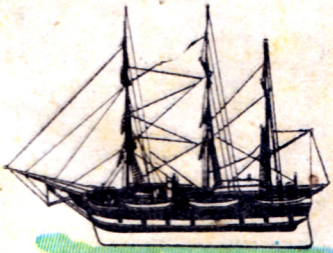
LIVING ROOM — Authentically scaled from Early American pieces — Table and Desk are about 2" high. Easy to build in one evening. Set consists of
CLOCK HUTCH TABLE
KNEE HOLE DESK 2 ARM CHAIRS
1 SIDE CHAIR
COMPLETE CONSTRUCTION KIT \$3.50



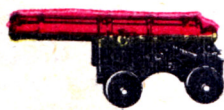
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 - _____ **WANDERER SHIP MODEL KIT** @ 4.50
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SAYS GEORGE F. JOWETT—WORLD'S GREATEST BUILDER OF HE-MEN

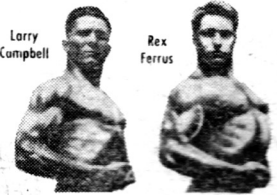
Let me make **YOU** A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



YES! JOHN SILL'S SUCCESS STORY can soon be your own success story. HOW A THIN WEAKLING WINS A TROPHY AS A MAGNIFICENT AMERICAN HE-MAN. A few weeks ago, John was a skinny weakling. Everybody picked on him. He had no punch, no guts to fight for his rights. TODAY everyone admires John's movie-star champion build — his mighty **ARMS**, his heroic **CHEST**, his rock-like **TORSO**, his broad **BACK**, his military **SHOULDERS**. His newly-born **POPULARITY** with fellows. The way **GIRLS** flock around him. His prowess on the **ATHLETIC** field. His **double energy** at work.

NO! I don't care how **skinny** or **flabby** you are; if you're 14 or 40; if you're **short** or **tall**, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your own home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

Which of these **2** one time **WEAKLINGS** PAID only a Few Cents to become an **All-Around HE-MAN?** Which One Paid **Hundreds of Dollars?**



Rex Ferrus was a weakling, paid a few cents to start building at home into a Champion All-Around He-Man!
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